THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XVIII. Philadelphia, November 16, 1839. Whole No. 955.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

TO THEE ——LYDIA.

Broad Mountain Forest.

In the early flush of the morning hour
When Beauty is out in her primal power;
And the robes of Nature are fresh and fair,
And her step is light as the playing air;
When the blood leaps up from the joyous heart
To the care-worn cheek with impassioned start;
When life in each nature—or beast, or bird,
Or leaf, or the bud by the zephyr stirred,
Or in man the proud-hearted and fashioned one—
Is freer and fresher than oft is known;—
There is love of thee in this wild wood glen,
From one who has fled for the haunts of men.

As the day hies on, as the burning sun
Dries up the fountains that gush, to run;
As the leaf droops down from its forest limb,
And the petals of bud and flower wane dim;
As the flocks retire to the wooded shade
From their first love—the fields where at noon they strayed;
s the breeze moves heavily on its course
Too languid to gather a grain of force;
s the tall grass bends, tho' by no wind-breath,
rooping as if by the hand of Death;
o does not my love cease to gush nor wane,
or retire from thee, nor is stilled again.

hen gather the shadows of evening near;—
nd silence steals over the wearied ear,
hen the chirping bird and the rustled leaf
nd the insect rejoicing in life-time brief;
nd the rapid sound of the woodman's blow,
nd the crash of the pine tree bending low,
ive place to the stillness of perfect calm,
est and love and their holy balm;—
!—in that hour of eventide—
ould thou wert here at thy lover's side!
ow I would woo, and would win thy love
nd the stars should rejoice from their homes above!

ow I would woo in this forest bower
voking the spirits that guard the hour
o aid me with spell and magic charm!
ow—would protect thee from slightest harm!
ow I would listen thy tuneful words,—
the ear more sweet than the song of birds,—
tentive to every tune of thine,
arning from thence if thou would'st be mine!—
w I would love thee, and love thee till
ad wrought a change in thy wayward will!—
if in earth there is ever bliss!
would it be from a change like this!

hen the passion-wrought fever is free to swell
d burn in the veins that it loves so well,
the eye glares out with intensest light,
d the soul is dark as the shades of night,
d the will is reckless of good to man
olved to do as a demon can;—
the clouds roll up till the future's sky
res with the tempest that gathers nigh,
d the storm-god rides in his anger forth
blast the beautiful things of earth;
re is love for thee; and that love rolls back
e storm till it hides in its olden track.

chiefest—when care with her heavy wing
ods o'er the wretch of her visiting,
up from the depths of her husky throat
eth death's warning and funeral note;
en the eye grows dim and despair looks out
d the blood runs slowly, and scarce about;
en clogged is the heart as the Siroc's breath
d manhood's rich crown is a faded wreath;
d the drops stand clammily on the brow
d e'en hope has fled from his primal vow;
e is love for thee—how I love thee then!
[illegible]! oh shall ye be mine again?

rt! that can drive off the mists of care;
ords! that can bid for the soul's despair?
d to commune with its kindred mind,
at hath grace and truth [illegible]
e! for the true and beautiful ways
ature—her step and her choicest lays;
uty! that wins by its modest grace,
n the heart wrought up to the kindred face;
the pure delight! that the lover feels
n he knows, for the first, that his mistress yields
e and a thousand shall—ay—combine
rapture my soul, if thou'lt be mine.

From the Forget-Me-Not, for 1840.

ice Bertram, or Black and White.

A TALE OF PARIS.

From a Day-Dreamer's Journal.

"Know you me?" *The Hunchback.*

chanced, one morning, while passing along Quai Voltaire, in Paris, to linger before one those shrines of blessedness to the *flaneur*, if, Pope's Timon, he "have a taste"—to wit, all of second-hand books. Here, after turn over many a score of volumes, my eye fell an ancient, oblong Italian folio, faded, but in its clothing, and filled with engravings, and wiry indeed, but to my eye, twice as phic and satisfactory as the ever-finished ductions of modern burins. Page after page I explore of this collection of views in town country. I admired huge palaces, with ir projecting roofs—fantastic *casini*—church of every conceivable mixture of architecture ountains, by which sat gigantic river-gods lding gigantic conches—theatres, in which charming works of Goldini and Gozzi had made thousands merry; the theatres and thousands now, alas! like the Bride, in Bar Cornwall's song—

"Fled away! Fled away!"

at I came to a prospect of the Duomo of , with its remarkable chess-board facing two marbles. A thousand times before, seen this and passed it by; but, on the t occasion I was doomed to be arrested he architectural whimsy of violently con ed colors, and—account for it, philosophers, you will—was, from that moment, as help y possessed as was ever *fanatico*, when pur by some vulgar melody, which clings to with the pertinacity of Sinbad's Old Man e sea, go where he will, do what he will. ry thing was that day to be registered by fancy in black and white. The very spec was affected—and though I strolled on beneath such a clear, unclouded sun, November never, and few of our midsummer ths ever, treat us withal in England—and such lively costumes as make a tulip-bed French metropolis—with Autumn's orange es, spared to this late period, still richly tling the trees in the Champs Elysees—my n was too strong for me. The heavens changed, for the moment, into a field of t-silver; the short noon-shadows on the into trailing blots of ink. Every man ap ed to my bewitched eye as if clad in a pall, to wear moustaches and whiskers of Za 's own color; (*à l' enfer*, he might phrase it) y woman to be apparelled in a spotless bri obe of virgin white—and I caught myself iming—

Day and Night! but this is wondrous strange!"

twenty times at least, ere I turned into the yard of the Hotel des Invalides, to make aintance with the interior of its rich and ous church.

ve to wander about in churches every , but especially those of Paris. The sight [illegible] and overhanging porch, however bar or time-melted its sculptures, with a arfish old woman or two crawling up its steps, carrying on some traffic beneath its shelter, sure to tempt me aside from the gayest street, a few moments of curious examination, or, y be, of graver thought. Saint Germain Pres, with its antique monuments, and its outh pulpit heavily canopied with a marble ery—Saint Gervais, with its Pietro Perugi Saint Eustache—Saint Germain l' Auxer —and that crown of the architectural glories Old Paris, Nôtre Dame, recently made as iliar to us by the magic of Victor Hugo's e as though it were a living, breathing crea I know them—I love them all. Silent and aken though they be, they are not utterly de te. While prying about within their pre ts, I have more than once witnessed those monies marking the progress of daily life h are always interesting in a strange land. ve seen weddings—communions;—at Saint ce a funeral, where the service for the dead uced so awful an effect, chanted as it was lderly priests, with furrowed faces and flow air, and singular Jewish-looking long hoods, ed back on their shoulders. But, on less ate days, I have never entered a church Paris without encountering some figure upon ich the imagination might fix itself—some e a *grisette* tripping down the stream of sun ne, shed on the pavement from ample Gothic windows, where painted glass was before the Revolution; as with *carte* in hand, she passes before the chapel of her favorite saint, and takes out her week's allowance of little sins, in a little prayer or so, short, but very honest—sometimes a meagre, mournful old man or woman, watching the frame of tin, with its votive candles rapidly wasting—by whose side I have watched till I have longed that I too could believe in those burned good wishes and thanksgivings for the benefit of friends far away;—sometimes the identical Mathurin of Molière's Comedies, with his coarse, piteous hair, and his *pot-au-feu* complexion, and his sabots clattering as he comes, but taught by instinctive or traditional reverence when he enters those holy precincts to clatter—as old Mr. Wesley's children were taught to cry—quietly. In many I have found quaint altars worthy of study—in some curious ancient tombs—in all, a gigantic staring-faced organ, made to discourse a harsh and courtesying jig-music on high-days and holidays .... But here we are in the Cour Royale of the Hotel des Invalides.

I paused on entering the church, with a start of natural surprise. My *folletto* had been there before me! Nave and choir, clerestory wall, and high altar, were all of them sheathed, and traced out, and draperied, with the two no-colors of my day-dream. For a moment I was tempted to regard Queen Mab, and no Christian Saint or Sainte, as the patroness elect of the veterans of France, and to imagine the mournful and imposing show disclosed to me as a thing conjured up for my express amazement and perplexity. In another moment, however, common sense came to my aid. I bethought me of the recent victory gained by French arms in Africa—of the recent decease of the commander of the expedition at the post of honor—I bethought me how his obsequies were to be here celebrated with all that pomp wherewith an alert and politic government sees it wise to glorify the funerals of those who have perished beneath the Tricolor. All was bustle and preparation—here, half a score of men hung at a dizzy height, were giving to an arch its last ghastliness—making it grin, as it were, by nailing round it a hem of white lace; there, another dozen were sedulously decorating an enormous catafalque, and ordering each other to and fro in under-tones—while an old soldier kept back the too curious by a civil—"*On ne passe pas ici*," or "*Il faut sortir, messieurs.*" Why is it that there are moods, in which even these mean mechanical details have an interest and suggestion of there own?—when it is not easy to pass an undertaker's shop, without thinking of children, from their tenderest infancy habituated to play with the spoiled cross-bones, or morsels of *furniture* (as it is called) which are employed to deck out this poor body's last shelter? Why is it that I rarely see a funeral procession, winding along a crowded street, without wondering whether the aching eyes of mourners, vacant from the exhaustion of sorrow, are by chance falling upon me, while passing nimbly on my way, full of small hopes and small plans? Why was it that I was here struck especially with the figure of an upholsterer; a young man, with professional zeal and conceit speaking out in every line of his face, busied in arranging a huge sweep of drapery in folds, whose *pompe funebre* was aimed at a magnificent paragraph in the journals of the day—the while the cold remains of the the soldier, the bereaved wife, the desolate children, were awaiting the conclusion of his labor of taste?—and that I could not but smile as I thought how the untimely death of a brave General may make the fortune of some aspiring hero of fringes and *fauteuils*, destined, ere long, to run *his* long career of glory in decorating the *salons* of the beauties and *beaux esprits*—the l'Enclos and Geoffrins of modern Paris?

This is a long preamble; perhaps an impertinent one, it may seem, to those who dismiss with honest Mr. Burchell's "*Fudge!*" all such stray leaves from the book of fantasy as are not written in their own alphabet. But for such I do not keep my journal.

In the evening, for my disenchantment, I was resolved to go into society. Every one who has been permitted the privilege of frequenting the *salon* of Madame de Verneuil, knows it to be the pleasantest thing in Paris. Elsewhere, the political inquirer will find a finer crop of republican moustaches [illegible] public, only conceive what would be the effect if Mr. O'Connell's or Lord Wellington's *queue* were thus made recognizable by the hairdresser's art!)—elsewhere, a richer assemblage of curiosities from the Faubourg—elderly gentlemen and ladies who cling to their loyalty with a Southcotian constancy, and who, in days of extra depression—whensoever Louis Philippe opens a new gilt gallery, or pulls down a further mass of old rubbish *ad captandum*—resort to Rue Tournon, Number 5—there to receive consolatory predictions from the still extant and still consulted Mademoiselle Lenormand. Elsewhere, the lover of art will rejoice in a more numerous *reunion* of painters, musicians, literary men, all brave and important in the consciousness of their several professions, and not, as in England longing to cast by their responsibilities, on entering good company—but no where is to be found better society—no where a more effective sprinkling of pretty faces and fatal toillettes—no where an arena in which the last opera, or the last *charlatanerie*, or the last ordonnance, is anatomized with a nicer art—that art, whose charm is in its concealment!

That night Madame de Verneuil's circle was unusually brilliant. We had Liszt in one of his tamer humors—playing as only Liszt when tame can play: and we had the beautiful Madame Schickler, whose graceful apparition in a certain box at the Grand Opera has made so many a *merveilleux* "bearded like a pard," but, for all his beard, owning the tenderest of tender hearts, most exceedingly uneasy. There, too, was M. le Prince Belgiojoso, with his gorgeous tenor voice—why should such a fortune be wasted on a Prince?—and many other notabilities besides. It was an hour ere the admirable lady of the mansion had a moment for me; but at last she drew me aside from the crowd round the piano, and, inviting me to share a *causeuse*:—"I have something to say to you," she began; "but, my good friend, what ails you, that you look so puzzled and *distrait* to night? What has happened to you?"

There are few persons to whom we confide our follies; fewer still with whom we dare trust our crotchets. Madame de Verneuil, however, belongs to the latter number. "Why, my good friend," said she, smiling, with a tinge of sadness in her smile, "one might fancy almost that you had passed through this strange world of ours, and never thought until to day! What is it all but painted in your black and white? Could you know how I have passed this morning! Ah! I see you are not heeding my philosophy. You are looking after Madame Laval! Pretty creature! how thoroughly happy she is—even for a bride! She has drawn a charming lot! That is her husband, .. there .. with his hand on the guitar. Is he not superb? and *such* a good heart!"

I had, in truth, been gazing upon the couple pointed out by Madame de Verneuil: but upon the gentleman rather than the lady. He was one of the most remarkable men I ever saw; if, only, as being the sole person who, to my eye, thoroughly carries off the superabundant and dramatised toilet in which most young French creatures of the male sex indulge themselves. He was, as his eulogist had styled him, superb, in appearance, manner, and conversation; and I was ready to give him credit for the good heart ascribed to him, for he seemed to be not only the admired, but the beloved of every one. Twenty people of the circle, at least, were ready, each with a different *mot* of Laval's. One humble friend was envying his jewellery, with the assistance of a *lorgnon*; another, more audacious, his wife, with "Ah! Laval has *such* a perfect taste!" Two of my dear countrymen, who rate every man according to the figure of his fortune, were loudly bepraising him: and yet they had only just returned from an unsuccessful tour of inquiry into this most important matter. They had asked him, (when did ever John Bull lack civil courage in a good cause?) whether it was true that he was, indeed, worth two hundred thousand a year, and he had answered them—how politely!—"I do not understand your English money!" Madame Betancourt was, at last, willing to forgive him for having married, in consideration of the inimitable remark which he had just slidden into her ear concerning *Madame une telle*, her most particular friend;—that remark, *of course*, was not severe!—B———, meanwhile, was ready to worship him as a second Aristotle, because he abused Balzac, and Sue, and the other *convulsionnaire* novelists. Every one, in short, had his mite of incense ready to be offered to the Count Laval. How seldom is a wit, and a handsome man, and a rich man, popular!

"What a charming lot she has drawn!" continued Madame de Verneuil, still ascribing to the lady my stare, which had for its object her worse half. "Two years ago she was a little, unnoticed, uninteresting child—the poor relation of a decayed gentlewoman—a stranger here, too, (for she is a German)—and now—what a position! She is to day on the whitest square of your chess-board, if ever woman was. Laval was always my first favorite! And yet it is only this morning that I have been sitting beside a creature twice as lovely, twice as accomplished: as young, I am sure, as well born .... God help her! her destiny is as dark a one as Madame Laval's is brilliant! I was just going to consult you about her, for she is an Englishwoman.

"It is not three weeks since a dear friend of mine first mentioned her to me. My friend has a rage for curiosities, shabby *bijouterie*, ancient pictures, which she calls Van Eycks, and I know not what. Well, some one or other had told her of some very fine carvings to be seen in a common joiner's shop—Rue Notre Dame de la Recouvrance—a horrid place—you know it? At once she goes to see them: for see every thing she will, though she buys but little. And here she heard of this poor unhappy girl lying sick in a wretched apartment *à l'entresol*. How good these poor people are to each other! The joiner's wife had nursed her like a mother, (she must have died else) until one of those Sisters of Charity—those angels upon earth—found her out: and there she is now, at this very moment, wasting away with consumption and some spinal disease. She cannot be raised in bed without terrible suffering; there is no removing her.

"If my friend be curious, she is also charitable: she desired to be taken to this poor creature instantly. The joiner's wife consented. 'If you were English, I dare not,' she said, 'for, though this poor Mademoiselle Sophie is English, she will not permit any of her countrymen to be sent for. And the mere hearing that good Sœur Celestine thought of seeking out the *curé* of the English embassy, to interest him for her, threw her into an agitation so terrible that we have never spoken of the thing since.' My friend's curiosity, you may be sure, was not lessened by hearing all that I tell you. Well—Madame Dufey led the way. How my friend was thunderstruck with what she saw! and, to make a long story short, she came driving to me that instant, as fast as her horses could bring her, and told me the whole dismal history. Since then, we have, one or other of us, made a point of going to the poor creature every day, for, as I tell you, it is impossible to remove her. But she will not trouble any body long. I can see her dying every time I am there!"

"And what is her name? and what is her history?"

"We can but guess; the people only know her for Mademoiselle Sophie. She had taken that wretched room some weeks before we found her; had arrived there late at night, walking wearily, and carrying a small bundle of clothes; took to bed at once, and has only since left it for about five minutes at a time. I have gone as far as it was possible to go with any delicacy, to discover who she is, where she comes from, and what are the connexions from whom she hides herself with such terrible pertinacity, but she will not say a word. So gentle and persuadable as she is in every thing else, let me but approach the subject, however quietly, and she frowns so at one, that I dare not go on. Even she has her right to the luxury of a secret!"

I was not altogether disposed to acquiesce in the truth of this maxim, as applied in the present instance. "And she is dying, you tell me—inevitably dying?"

"Not a possible hope, my friend; not a wish, even, on her part, to live. Her relations, I am certain, must be strange, stern people, that she can be willing to pass away in this manner without any of them knowing it. Whatever she has been, whatever she has done ..... Ah! *Mon Dieu!* we women are such poor, feeble creatures! ... *Tenez*, Laval! don't come near me! I am in one of my sentimental humors, not at all fit company for you this evening, with that proud, happy face of yours! *Elle est ravissante, mon cher! tout à fait ravissante!*" And the bridegroom, who had entertained few thoughts of interrupting our *tête à tête*, passed on.

"That charming Laval!—but, what are we to do, my friend, with this unhappy girl? She will die in less than a week; and I sometimes think we are very wrong to permit her to die, without so much as knowing her name, or having any message to deliver to her friends. Would you see her, if she could possibly be brought to consent to it? This was what I wanted to ask you, for it is curious that her horror seems to me greatest of her countrywomen. She has sisters—haughty, peevish women—I am sure of it!" And then came many complimentary speeches about my discretion, &c. &c. the better half of which I should be very glad to believe. The [illegible] ance for the coloring [illegible] every allow- [illegible] knew my excellent friend [illegible] described—one of the consequences, by the way, of a conversational reputation. A young English girl, alone, fading away in the very midst of Paris—that place, beyond all others I have ever lived in, where the idea of death is so painful, so unnatural—it *was* a hard, a melancholy lot! But little did I anticipate the sequel.

Two days after her *soirée* I received a note from my friend, Madame de Verneuil, stating that by dint of much eloquence she had prevailed;—that Mademoiselle Sophie had yielded to the importunities of her protector; and that, for their sakes alone, (she said) and to relieve them from the responsibility under which her rapidly approaching decease would otherwise place them, she was willing to speak for a few moments with a countryman. "I suspect," added my correspondent, "she must feel how near she is to her last hour, by this concession." Madame de Verneuil had mentioned no name: probably she had described me as an ancient, time-worn man, with experience shining in my few gray hairs, and forgiveness on my withered brow; but, however this might be, I have often wondered what enchantment she employed to bring about an interview, so delicate, I might almost say, so preposterous. Mademoiselle Sophie, she said, had only consented to receive me on condition that nobody but the Sœur Celestine should be present:—"A singular arrangement," concluded her benefactress, "*mais n'importe*; you will tell us all we ought to know. My friend Madame de Brival, is in a fever of curiosity."

Half past four was the hour appointed for this interview. It was a brilliant afternoon, with that crimson rose-tint hovering in the western sky which tells of coming frost; and a crescent moon rising small and silvery in the east. Many of the *cafés* in the Boulevards were already lighted up; gay equipages were thronging the streets in every direction; gay groups on every causeway; and, as I passed *Les Variétés*, I noted the *queue* already forming within its barriers to see Vernet in the new vaudeville, which—according to all rumors—was to reproduce on a grander scale the catastrophe which ensued when the sea ate figs—and kill not one, but many a wise man with laughter.

I turned up the steep, dingy, narrow street whither I was bound, leaving all this life and prosperity behind me. The cloth of frieze presses closely on the cloth of gold in Paris. Grim, narrow, noisome with the odor of filthy cookery, resonant with the shrill voices of little children, and the squeak of a doleful *musette* grinding out, in the time of a funeral psalm, the buoyant *Sicilienne* of Robert le Diable:—what a contrast with the Boulevards, what a place for shame and sorrow and repentance to breathe their last in! A feeling of repugnance, almost amounting to horror, stronger than I have often proved, thrilled me, as, directed by a fragment of dirty drapery, a haggard tapestried chair, and a formal worm-eaten picture which had seen better days, I mounted the stair described in my search for Mademoiselle Sophie. The *Magazin*, if it deserved such an important name, was in the darkest part of the street—a huge wall rising opposite to it, as dank with exhalations and blackened with age as the mouth of an old well.

"Par ici, Monsieur," said a poor-looking woman, whom, however, neither hard features nor the flight of many years had been able altogether to despoil of a sweet and charitable expression of countenance. The room was an *entresol*: so close upon the staircase and the street, that walls, and doors, and windows, were but a mockery of defences against publicity. Customers were constantly ascending and descending, children wrangling on the stairs, people trampling over head, doors shut without the slightest mercy: for the French have little sensibility to harsh and violent sounds. Of this I had a proof in the vehemence with which my Samaritan conductress—at heart gentle and considerate—threw open the door of the den, where lay the sufferer.

The feeble light which streamed in from the window fell broad upon the white Flemish looking head-gear and serge dress and clumsy rosary of the Sister of Charity, who was so busily conning her Hours, that, for a moment, she did not perceive our entrance. When, however, she did, she rose, put her finger to her lip, led the Mother Dufey to the door of the little chamber, and closed it with expressive caution, then, returning to me:—"She is asleep," she said, "you can judge for yourself." There was not sufficient light from the fire to enable me to distinguish more than the outline of a reclining figure, propped on many pillows, with a shrouding cap, and partly wrapped in a large faded shawl, but the Sœur put a small lighted taper into my hand, with a soft:—"She will not hear you!" and I stole on tiptoe nearer to the sleeper, whose hard breathing might have been heard upon the stairs.

My life has been one of sad farewells and strange meetings, but this was the most singular, the most melancholy, of all. What was it that I saw? A face, every feature of which I knew as well as my own in the glass, but with brow and cheek and mouth, how prematurely worn and aged!—a wretched ghostly hand, clenched upon the coverlet, with a valueless ring upon its forefinger ... The sight of these brought back to me such an overmastering crowd of old remembrances, startled me with such a host of fearful conjectures, that, pronouncing the sleeper's name, I burst into an uncontrollable passion of grief—not, however, of that grief to which a calm succeeds. With me it is not the terror of the first surprise: it is the second stroke when confirming assurance puts an end to all chance of mistake, which destroys and withers. It was my old playfellow! whose mother's house we could see from the mansion where I was born—the child of hopes and prayers the sister of a proud, high-spirited brother! "What has brought you to this?" exclaimed I, again ..... "Alice Bertram, what has brought you to this?"

The Sœur laid her hand upon my arm, but it was too late. The dreamer was awakened by the sound of a name so long a stranger to her ear; and a sudden intelligence, in which anguish kept pace with consequences, seemed to sharpen every wasted feature. For a moment she did not, dared not, unclose her eyes. What terrors might not at that instant be careering through her poor distracted mind! of the severe brow of a brother—of her brother's eye looking a curse—of scornful playmates over whom she had been used to queen it. Or she might even fancy that the valley of the shadow was passed—that she had caught the first echo of her name spoken through the trumpet of retribution; for bitter, bitter as was our recognition, it was still calmer on her part than I had ventured to anticipate. The reality *might not* have been so dread as the first object of her waking fears!

But little was said between us. I dared not ask, she could not speak unquestioned. Her first hurried inquiry was:—"Have they sent *you*?" and then, when emotion had had its way for a few moments, she began so rapidly and so eagerly to ask me a thousand little home questions, as to indicate a shrinking from any inquiry of which her own fortunes were the subject. Alas! already I knew too much! I could guess the rest.

The details of such an hour are not fit for the public eye. When the first shock was over, my poor friend was thankful to have seen me; thankful that I was at hand to smooth her last earthly pillow, and to follow her to the grave. But the resolution which possessed her of holding no communication whatsoever with the family she had afflicted, was nothing weakened by my presence. "You will tell them that I am dead, when I *am* dead; that my last hours were those of repentance and anguish; you may ask them to pray God that these, under His mercy, may have sufficed, but, I entreat you, nothing more! I will have none of them written to; indeed, it will be now too late! if I see another sun it will be all: and can you wonder" (looking round her with a melancholy smile) "that I am a little impatient for release? But every thing here is too good, too easy for me! I did not think I should ever see any one who had known me when——once again"——

Here a severe and sudden fit of difficulty of breathing interrupted the sufferer, and as I stood beside her, I expected—I almost hoped—every moment to see her spirit pass away. The good Sœur Celestine administered some specific, the effect of which was again to bring on the slumber I had interrupted. "Sit there," said she, pointing to a rickety chair in the chimney-corner. "She will not awaken for an hour, if she ever wakes again!"

I sat down, scarcely knowing whether I was in a dream or not. The whole history of Alice, how it rose before my mind's eye at once! First, I saw her as a child, a banker's daughter; her father the richest man, her mother the haughtiest woman in the large thriving town of ———; herself the flower of her family for her beauty and wit; spoiled by every one who came near her, on account of her caressing ways and sprightly sayings; with nothing to all human appearance before her but a youth of luxury, a brilliant marriage, a continuance of the prosperity in which she had been cradled. Then came one of those terrible shocks, which, in one hour, bring tragedy into the midst of common-place life—the loss between morning and evening of every earthly possession save the scanty means of subsistence—a failure so entire, so crushing, and, it was said, so unexpected as to [illegible] departure of wealth, and, with wealth, of the position and respect thereunto appertaining in our commercial towns. Mr. Bertram died in the midst of his disgrace—died in an instant! To this followed the retirement of the scared and broken-spirited widow—by so awfully sudden a bereavement, changed from an object of reproach into one of compassion. She withdrew to a remote country village: the wreck of her fortunes when gathered together being so wisely disposed of as to furnish her with a small but sufficient income. The sequel was total oblivion on the part of those whom she had drawn round her in the days of her magnificence and hospitality.

Thus passed years: and Alice had now shot up from infancy into girlhood—in girlhood, as in infancy, the flower of her family. Adversity dealt strangely with her nature. As a rich man's daughter, she would have become the most fascinating, accomplished, popular woman of her circle: prosperity would have made her condescend; her mind, cultivated with care, would have attracted to itself the essence of every beautiful art, and have been softened in the process of its nurture. As it was, she became capricious, proud—never insolent, indeed, for her temper was faultless—but reserved, given to day-dreams, and quitting these unwillingly to take her part and mingle graciously with her less gifted family. Her chief pleasure was to pass hours alone in the open air: a picture I have before me—its coloring is now sadly faded—shows her sitting in a reverie on a garden-seat; to all appearance busily braiding her long hair, already decked with a lily-bell or two, but her thoughts in reality bent on other matters than her delicate tresses, or delicate flowers at her side, which lean into her bower, as though to acknowledge her companionship, or the petted dog, who whines and capers at her feet to excite the attention she often bestowed upon him "with twice the good-will," she would say, "she could find in her heart to show to any biped whatsoever." The heart is deceitful! Well—she compelled the love of every one who approached her: but it was a love mingled with *fear* for the future—a fear of what might befall her, when her strong ambition and her forcible self-will should receive a disturbing, if not a determining, influence from another hand. And often and anxiously did the question arise:—"Can you think whom Alice Bertram will marry?"

Then came her choice; and singular and wretched it was. The neighborhood to which Mrs. Bertram had retired was not over-rich in great houses; but more than one young heir had laid his lands at her feet, more than one a title, and she had refused them all, as if her proud heart found a positive strength and comfort in the rejection of her suitors. She listened to her mother's urgent representations sweetly, indeed, but not unmovedly:—"Dear mother!" she would say, "you would not have me marry *before* I am in love; not have me marry first, and love afterward?" Some whispered .... No matter: at last she announced that her time was come—I say announced—for no one could have guessed it, so strange, so insane, appeared her choice. To the distress of all who cared for her, she fixed her fancy (I will never believe her affections) upon a man, whose only charm to other eyes lay in his being different from all the other men that had sought her, in his having no settled income, no recognised profession, in his not possessing the vulgar gifts of youth and personal comeliness. And for his intellect—we wondered and again wondered, how *she* could possibly deceive herself into imagining him possessed of genius and knowledge, when to our eyes he seemed—what events afterward proved him to be—a shallow, worthless, pretending adventurer!

Then rose before me the entreaties employed to win the wilful girl from so fatally perverse an inclination: I saw how her poor harassed mother made the circuit of all her friends, and prayed them to interfere between herself and her infatuated daughter, to prevail upon her to wait a year, only six months at least, till Mr. Darwin should have some establishment, some assured home, however humble, to offer her. All was in vain! She would marry him, and marry there and then. If some pique lurked in the background to urge her to such a decided and immediate sacrifice, it was then not suspected. But, I believe, could that ring, (no wedding ring) which clung to her wasted forefinger to the last, have told its story, there might have been found in it some explanation for conduct otherwise inexplicable.

Then I saw, as though it had been but the preceding day, the scene of the last evening before her wedding. Those little preparations—that attempt to throw an air of gayety over what is always a bitter leave-taking to which this event mostly gives occasion, though sometimes painful and jarring to the feelings—are not half so dismal as the blank and desolateness felt when the bride goes forth suddenly and "unappointed." Darwin, after a few weeks' absence, had reappeared, and informed the family of his betrothed that he had received an appointment as Professor—I forget what was his pretence—in Dublin College. He was to be found in the scene of his duties in two days: he wished to take his wife with him. No house was ready to receive her, no relations to welcome her, no kinswoman invited to accompany her; and for such a prospect she was willing to marry him, and ready to depart! I remember nothing so miserable as that wedding. Though her mother's nearest neighbors, and among her own oldest friends, we never knew that the thing really was to be till the evening before it took place, when she ran across the fields to our house—jaded, feverish, breathless—to bid us all "good-bye," and to receive (it was with an effort that she forced out the words) "our congratulations." We could none of us speak—some for sorrow, some for disapproval. My old father had loved her like one of his own children, and had dealt with her (I now hope not with an unwise harshness) upon the folly of such a connexion; and tears stood evident in his eyes, which were not famous for being readily moistened. My sisters clung round her, speechless. She herself seemed shaken; and I have since reproached myself that I did not, (boy as I was,)—that I *could not*—employ more constraining persuasion to induce her to pause. "It is foolish—it is nothing!" said she, dashing away the tears which burst down her cheeks; "I shall be back among you all in three months, just as usual—just as if nothing had happened. Darwin has engaged to bring me back as soon as we are fairly settled."

A strange promise! but she repeated it again and again, and she promised to write to us every week, as often as she wrote to her own sisters. "What a figure I am," she cried, forcing up her own spirits, "to have run down here in this old garden-bonnet! Well, I shall never want it more. And I will take a branch from that dear old rose-bush, to smarten it up on my way back;"—she would not say "*home*." I see her now spring up to reach a long, bloom-loaded bough which dangled over her head from the harsh trunk of the mulberry tree, against which it was trained. "Well, last words are cruel things, come when they will; and—and—" sinking on her knees before my father, she sobbed out—"Give me your blessing, for I am going to be very happy!"

My father bent over her and blessed her, but we did not hear his words. In another moment she had sprung up, and was gone from the midst of us—waving away my sisters, who would gladly have accompanied her homeward, with a peremptory gesture, which, assuredly, told little of expected happiness. She was gone, and we never saw her again. All that strange, sad night she sat up, putting her small wardrobe in order, "too busy with her needle,"—so her poor mother afterward told us—"to have much to say to any of them." To the last moment all was hurry, and ill-concealed misgiving, and avoidance of counsel or protracted farewell. All the ceremony was over, and the shabby hack-chaise had fairly creaked out of sight, ere Mrs. Bertram had time to reflect that she had, indeed, parted with her daughter for ever, into the hands of a total stranger!

The sequel may be foreseen. For a while the mother, like all mothers—resolute to make the best of matters in which their children are concerned—did wonders in the way of keeping up a cheerful countenance to her friends: deceiving herself—no, not *herself*—with the showy nothings promised by Darwin, and even praising his empty schemes for the future. Then came silence. Acquaintances received constrained answers when they inquired civilly after her daughter;—friends, not being confided in, refrained from inquiry. Shortly, however, distress and disappointment would break the bonds poor Mrs. Bertram had prescribed to herself. She must tell some one that that professorship at Dublin College had been but a castle in-air—that Darwin had undeniably turned out what she needed not have troubled herself to describe. After a few shiftless attempts to establish himself—now by advertising for pupils who never came, now by practising physic upon a diploma of which some had doubted the authenticity, now by attempting literature in the shape of flimsy translation—he had been taken to jail for debt. And there was no one nigh his wife to assist her, save a gentleman who had lodged for some weeks in the house—a young Italian of some fortune, we [illegible] England for the [illegible] difficult language. In this case, Dublin seemed a singular residence for him to have chosen.

Mrs. Bertram told us this news—heart-broken while she told it: she, too, visiting us on the eve of her departure for Ireland. The next thing we heard were the details of her desolate arrival. The mother had not forewarned the daughter of her coming. She found the house forsaken—shut up; Alice gone, none knew whither—gone off with the foreigner! It had been the old tale of a proud heart, and ill-regulated mind, and a wayward temper: on the one hand, poverty, and neglect, and temptation, and self-reproach; on the other, kindness, devotion, delicacy—*delicacy!* But the word used is from the world's vocabulary, not mine.

* * *

What a sombre and awful hour of retrospection was the one passed by me in looking into the wood-embers which bickered on the hearth of the dying woman's chamber! Ten thousand sounds I have described in that abominable house disturbed me no more than they disturbed my poor friend, now laid to a calm sleep by a potent opiate. The Sœur Celestine from time to time went and bent over her slumber with a grave and earnest scrutiny. At last I felt her touch me—her touch how gentle, but how impressive?—and she slid into my hands the small breviary she had been studying, and sank noiselessly upon her knees by the side of the bed.

Another hour had passed, but Alice still slumbered. The Sœur rose from her prayer and whispered in my ear: "It will not be to night; but I do not think she will wake again."

"I can watch here."

"Her lover?" asked the old woman, in a tone searching and keen, "her *betrayer*?"

"Good God! no: her playfellow—her"——

"It is enough," said the Sœur Celestine; "I, too, shall watch the night beside her. Pray that she may pass away in this calm: her convulsions have been so terrible."

* * *

That long, long night was gone: Alice still slumbering, and hoarsely drawing her breath—more hoarsely, I could hear, after day had broken. Then began all the sounds of life, and enjoyment, and occupation, as the world came abroad, which make up the Voice of a great city, but I heeded them not. Time stands still when Death is so near. At length a moment of sudden and giddy faintness compelled me instinctively to seek the outer air. I left the chamber, and came out into the broad light of noon, dizzied by the sudden change, braced by the atmosphere of that alley—noisome as it was, how fresh compared with the air I had been breathing for so many exhausting hours! For the first moment, however, I was unable to support myself, and leaned up against the pillar of Dufey's threshold; when the sound of wheels, making their unwilling way over the rough pavement, and the loud "*Gare!*" of the coachman, compelled me to look up and retreat: not, however, before the vehicle was close upon me. Another moment would have seen me crushed to the wall. The carriage stopped, stopped before Dufey's *magazin*; and, ere I could speak, there alighted la Comtesse Laval, assisted by her attentive and magnificent bridegroom.

"*Comment, Monsieur!*" cried the lively lady gaily; "you, too, an amateur? No matter: I hear there is not such another chair in Paris, except King Dagobert's in *Bibliothèque*, and have this I will, *coute qui coute*."

"What, Gertrude!" exclaimed her husband; "measure purses against a rich Englishman? But what a horrid place, and how people can live in such holes, I often wonder. Do go back to the carriage, Gertrude; it is not fit for you to enter."

"Where you can go, Charles," &c. &c. was the charming and suitable reply.

"You were at the Requiem, Monsieur?" continued she, mounting the black and broken staircase, but speaking so ceaselessly all the while as utterly to hinder my informing her of what was going on above: "A superb service it was! The church looked so imposing in its mourning. Such perfect taste! You must find out, Charles, who arranged that canopy. I am confident he is a first-rate artist. I will have him to do my *salon*. And then the building so full—and the whole spectacle so like what one hears of at Rome in the Holy Week! You will take me to Rome, Charles? O, I assure you, the thing was most splendid—most overpowering! You have had an irreparable loss, Monsieur: I do not know when we shall see such another funeral!"

"Silence! silence!" sounded from above in a shrill whisper. The voice was the Sœur Celestine's. But Madame Laval was too full of her own happiness to hear or heed.

"And then the music—take care, Charles, three steps—the music, by Berlioz, so sublime! so mysterious; so—so—impossible to understand!"

"Gertrude! Gertrude! you are talking sad nonsense."

"Silence! silence!" repeated the same earnest and piercing voice from within the death chamber.

"Here, is it?" said Madame Laval; "now for the relic! Mind, Monsieur, I outbid you"——

And ere I could stay her, she had entered the apartment, followed by her husband.

We formed a remarkable group. In a moment, Madame Laval had sprung back with a shriek of surprise and horror: "Where, O God!—what is here?" and had pressed herself closely to her recently-chosen protector. I see him now as he stood there, his arm passed round his delicate wife, a terrified summer-bird in its gayest plumage: his eyes asking from myself the meaning of what he saw. Meanwhile, the startled Sœur Celestine and la Mère Dufey had flown to support my poor friend, who was now in her last mortal agony, feebly stretching out her hand to meet mine, to be guided as it were, to the frowning portal of Eternity by the playmate of her guiltless years. Would that he could have been more to her!

I hastened to obey the expressive gesture, just, and but just in time. The head of Alice fell on my shoulder, the hand retained its beckoning attitude, the eyes ceased from their feeble and unsteady circuit round the chamber, now all but unable to distinguish forms and colors. But they fixed—fixed themselves firmly upon the gay bridegroom and bride, as the two retreated through the doorway. In an instant a keen light reanimated them—a light of reproach, of agony, of forgiveness. It was but for one instant—in another Alice was dead!

The Count Laval was arrested by that parting gaze, and I saw a change pass over his broad and splendid features, and I saw him rule them with sudden and amazing mastery. But it was enough. I was sure, beyond all hesitation or question, that Alice's last look had not been one of accident or bodily convulsion—it had been the farewell of the victim to the betrayer! And even then—so strange is the mind!—ere I had loosed my arms from around the wasted and senseless clay of my ill-starred friend, there recurred to my mind those lightly spoken words of Madame de Verneuil's: "Is he not superb? and such a good heart!" "What is it all, but painted in your black and white?"

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

NATURE.

The planets hung in yonder sky, and looking mildly forth,
As if to watch through weary night the shrouded charms of earth,
All keep their heaven appointed paths, and walk serenely on
Around that source of light and life,—the bright and glorious sun.
The silver moon a fond adieu, bids to this world awhile,
And then returns to light it with the beauty of her smile.
The day forth from the rosy east, comes with its light and dew,
To wake mankind and nature up to active life anew;
Then yields its place to sober night—the holy hour of rest,
When calm, sweet silence lingers o'er the world's untroubled breast,
In every year sent forth by Time, the seasons come and go,
And vary in their loveliness, earth's Eden scenes below,
And they—those gems in Nature's robes—the many colored flowers,
Whose fate is like life's fairest ones, and like Hope's brightest hours,
Quick, at the call of showery Spring, all mount to life and bloom,
And fling upon the moaning gale their incense and perfume,
They blush but for a little while, then mingle with the dust,
Till they are summoned back again—the sod yields up its trust.
Thus Planets, Moon, and Seasons gay, and day, and night, and flowers,
But Man, in whom there burns a soul, that triumphs over Time!
Whose awfully formed capacities, are god-like and sublime,
Whose heart is full and glowing with a flame of heavenly birth
The kind affections—which might make a paradise of earth,
Breaks through his kind Creator's laws, and wanders on through life
Oppressed with passions unrestrained—the sport of pain and strife.
O man! sole object of His care, who does not keep His laws,
When wilt thou walk obedient to the first Almighty Cause?
When shall thy soul be cleansed from wrong, thy heart be free from stain,
And over this deluded world, Peace, Love and Order reign?

Bristol, 10 mo. 23d. 1839. R.

From the Southron.

A Legend of the Silver Wave.

BY MISS CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

It was verging toward the evening of an autumnal day, in the year 1777. The forests began to assume the varied and magnificent tints peculiar to this season in an American clime—those rich, brilliant dyes, like the hectic glow on the cheek of consumption, while it deepens the charm and the interest of beauty, is yet the herald of decay. The prevailing hue was still of a deep unfaded green; but the woods were girdled by a band of mingled scarlet, green and yellow, whose gorgeous rainbow-like colors might well be compared to the wampum belt of the Indian, tracing its bright outline on the dark ground-work of the aboriginal dress. These inimitable tints were reflected in that mirror, which the children of the forest denominated the *Silver Wave*—known to us by the more familiar, but not less euphonious name, of the *Ohio*; but its bosom was not then covered with those floating palaces which now, winged by vapor, glide in beauty and power over the conscious stream. The bark canoe of the savage, or the ruder craft of the boatman, alone disturbed the silence of the solitary water. On the opposite bank, a rude fortification, constructed of fallen trees, rocks and earth, over which the American flag displayed its waving stripes, denoted the existence of a military band, in a region as yet uncultivated and but partially explored. Toward this fort a canoe was rapidly gliding, whose motions were watched by the young commander, as he traversed the summit of the parapet with a step which had long been regulated by the measured music of the "ear-piercing fife and spirit-stirring drum." The canoe approached to the shore; and as Captain Stuart descended to receive his forest visiter, his eye, accustomed as it had been to the majestic lineaments of the savage chief, could not withhold its tribute of involuntary admiration, as they were now unfolded to him invested with all the pomp which marked his warlike tribe. He was indeed a noble representative of that interesting, but now degenerate race, once the sole possessors and lordly dwellers of the wilderness—now despoiled and wandering fugitives from the land chartered to them by the direct bounty of heaven. The gallant tuft of feathers which surmounted his swarthy brow, the wampum girdle which belted his waist, his deer-skin robe, ornamented with the stained ivory of the porcupine, corresponded well with the expression of his glittering eye and the proportions of his martial limbs. From the lofty glance of that eye, he had received the appellation of the Eagle; but the commander of the fort now hailed him by the name of Sakamaw, which simply signifies a chief.

"Brother," said Sakamaw, as he leaned with stately grace on his unquivered bow, "brother, will the pale man dwell in peace and friendship with the tribe of the Shawnese?—or shall the eagle spread its wings to the shore that lies nearer the setting sun? The Mengwe have sworn to obey the white Father, who lives far beyond the great Salt Lake: the wolf and the turtle have given their allegiance to him, and the serpent and the buffalo raise up against the pale tribe that are dwelling in our wilderness. Sakamaw, the friend of the white man, comes to warn him of the snare; to know if the Eagle shall curl his talons beneath his folded plumes, or arm them with the war-bolt that shall find the heart of his enemy."

It was not without the deepest emotion that Captain Stuart heard this intelligence, that the British army had received such powerful and dreaded allies as these fierce and vindictive tribes. He felt that he occupied a perilous station; and notwithstanding the high trust he had always placed in Sakamaw, who was emphatically called the friend of the white man, as he looked upon the dark brow and giant frame of the Indian warrior, all that he had heard of the treachery and revenge of the tawny race, flashed upon his excited imagination. Captain Stuart was brave, but he was in arms against a foreign foe, who had stooped to the baseness of strengthening its power by an alliance with the children of the wilderness, arming in its cause their wild, undisciplined passions, and adding all the horrors of border warfare to the desolation that hangs over the embattled field. He may be forgiven by the bravest if, for one moment, his generous blood was chilled by the tidings, and suspicion darkened the glance which he turned on the imperturbable features of the Eagle chief.

"Young man," said the savage, pointing to the river, whose current was there quickened and swollen by the tributary waters of the Kanawa, "as the *Silver Wave* rolls troubled there by the stream that murmurs in its bosom, so does my blood chafe and foam, when its course is ruffled by passion and revenge. Feel of my veins—they are calm. Look on my bosom—it is bare. Count the beatings of my heart, as it rises and falls, uncovered to the eye of the Master of life. Were Sakamaw about to do a treacherous deed, he would fold his blanket over his breast, that he might hide from the Great Spirit's view the dark workings of his soul."

"Forgive me, noble chief!" exclaimed Stuart, extending his hand with military frankness and warmth; "I do not distrust you; you have come to us unweaponed, and we are armed; you are alone, and we have the strength of a garrison; and more than all, you warn us of treachery and hostility on the part of other tribes, and bring us offers of continued peace from your own. I cannot—I do not doubt your faith; but as the rules of war require some pledge as a safeguard for honor, you will consent to remain a while a hostage here, secure of all the respect which brave soldiers can tender to one whose valor and worth have made the fame of this forest region."

Sakamaw consented to this proposal with proud, unhesitating dignity, and turned to follow the young officer, whose cheek burned through the soldierly brown as he made the proposition, which military discipline required, but which he feared might be deemed an insult by the high-minded savage. Sakamaw cast his eyes for a moment on the opposite shore, where it was immediately arrested, and his foot stayed in its ascent, by the objects which there met his gaze. An Indian woman, leading by the hand a young boy, of the same tawny hue, approached to the water's side, and by impressive and appealing gestures, seemed to solicit his attention and compassion.

"Why do the doe and fawn follow the panther's path?" muttered he to himself; "why do they leave the shelter of their own green, shady bowers, and come where the dart of the hunter may pierce them?"

He hesitated, as if resolving some doubts in his own mind; then springing into the canoe that lay beneath the band on which he stood, he pushed it rapidly over the waters to the spot where they awaited him. Whether the dark shadow of future events cast its prophetic gloom before him, softening his heart for the reception of conjugal or parental love, I know not; but there was something mysteriously tender in the manner in which he departed from the coldness and reserve peculiar to his race, and embracing his wife and son, placed them in the light bark he had just quitted, and introduced them into the presence of Stuart, who had witnessed with surprised sensibility the unwonted scene. The sensations which then moved and interested him have been since embodied in lines, whose truth the poet most eloquently felt:

"Think not the heart in desert bred,
To passion's softer touch is dead;
Or that the shadowy skin contains
No bright or animated veins,
Where, though no blush its course betrays,
The blood in all its wildness plays."

"Sakamaw," said he, "you have decided well. Bring them to my cabin, and see how warm and true a welcome a soldier's wife can offer. The walls are rough; but they who share the warrior's or hunter's lot must not look for downy beds or dainty fare."

It was a novel and interesting scene, when the [illegible] erous, uncalculating ardor, had bound herself to a soldier's destiny and followed him to a camp where she was exposed to all the privations and dangers of a remote and isolated station. As she proffered her frank, yet bashful welcome, she could not withdraw her pleased and wondering gaze from the dark but beautiful features of the savage; clothed in the peculiar costume of her people, the symmetry of her figure and the grace of her movements gave a singular charm to the wild and gaudy attire. The refined eye of Augusta Stuart shrank intuitively, for a moment, from the naked arms and uncovered neck of the Indian; but there was such an expression of redeeming modesty in her countenance, and her straight, glossy hair, falling in shining folds over her bosom, formed so rich a veil, that the transient disgust was lost in undisguised admiration at the beauties of a form which a sculptor might have selected as a model for his art. The dark-haired daughter of the forest, to whose untutored sight the soldier's bride appeared fair and celestial as the inhabitant of a brighter sphere, returned her scrutinising gaze with one of delighted awe. Her fair locks, which art had formed into waving curls on her brow—her snowy complexion, and, eyes of heavenly blue, beamed upon her with such transcendent loveliness, that her feelings were constrained to utter themselves in such words as she had learned from her husband of the language of the whites.

"Thou art fairer than the sun, when he shines upon the *Silver Wave*," exclaimed Lebella, such being the name of the beautiful savage; "I have seen the moon in her brightness, the flowers in their bloom; but neither the moon when she walks over the hills of night, nor the flowers when they open their leaves to the south wind, are so fair and lovely as thou, daughter of the land of snow!"

The fair cheek of Augusta mantled with carnation as the low, sweet voice of Lebella breathed forth this spontaneous tribute to her beauty. Accustomed to restrain the expression of her own feelings, she dared not avow the admiration which had, however, passed from her heart into her eyes; but she knew that praise to a child was most acceptable to a mother's ear; and passing her white hand over the jetty locks of the Indian boy, she directed the attention of her husband to the deep hazel of his sparkling eye, and the symmetrical outlines of a figure which bore a marked similitude to the chiseled representations of the infant Apollo. The young Adario, however, seemed not to appreciate the favors of his lovely hostess; and shrinking from her caressing hand, accompanied his father, who was conducted by Captain Stuart to the place where he was to make his temporary abode. The romance, which gave a kind of exciting charm to the character of Augusta, had now found a legitimate object for its enthusiasm and warmth. By *romance*, I do not mean that sickly, morbid sensibility which turns from the realities of life with indifference or disgust, yearning after strange and *hair-breadth events*—which looks on cold and unmoved while *real* misery pines and weeps, and melts into liquid pearl at the image of *fictitious* wo; I mean that elevation of feeling which lifts one above the weeds of the valley and the dust and soil of earth;—that sunny brightness of soul, which gilds the mist and the cloud while it deepens the glory and bloom of existence;—that all-pervading, life-giving, yet self-annihilating principle, which imparts its own light and energy to every thing around and about it, and animating all nature with its warmth and vitality, receives the indiscriminate bounties of heaven—the sunbeam, the gale: the dew and the flower—as ministers of individual joy and delight. Augusta had already begun to weave a fair vision for the future, in which the gentle Lebella was her pupil as well as her companion—learning *from* her the elegancies and refinements of civilized life, and imparting to her something of her own wild and graceful originality. She witnessed with delight the artless expression of wonder, the simple decoration of her rude apartment elicited from her untaught lips; for, though in the bosom of the wilderness, and dwelling in a cabin constructed of the roughest materials, the hand of feminine taste had left its embellishing traces wherever it had touched. Wild, autumnal flowers mingled their bloom and fragrance over the rustic window frame; sketches of forest scenery adorned the unplastered walls; and a guitar, lying on the table, showed that the fair mistress of this humble mansion had been accustomed to a more luxurious home and more polished scenes. I cannot but linger for a moment here, for to me it is enchanted ground;—a beautiful and accomplished woman, isolated from all the allurements of the world, far from the incense of adulation and the seductions of pleasure, shedding the light of her loveliness on the bosom of wedded love, and offering the fresh and stainless blossoms of her affections on that shrine which, next to the altar of God, is holiest in her eyes. But I must turn to a darker spot—one which has left an indelible stain in the annals of our domestic history, but which is associated with so much interesting events that I would fain rescue it from oblivion.

The next morning the garrison was a scene of confusion and horror. A party of soldiers had been absent during the evening on a hunting expedition, being a favorite recreation in the bright moonlight nights. When the morning drum rolled its warning thunder, and the hunters came not, as wont, to perform their military duties, a general feeling of surprise and alarm pervaded the fort. Gilmore, the next officer in rank to Stuart, had a very young brother in this expedition; and, filled with fraternal anxiety, he collected another party, and endeavored to follow the steps of the fugitives. After hours of fruitless search, they discovered a fatal signal, which guided their path, blood staining the herbage on which they trod; and plunging deeper into the forest, they found the bodies of the murdered victims, all bearing recent traces of the deadly scalping-knife. The soldiers gazed on the mangled and disfigured remains of their late gallant comrades with consternation and dismay; while Gilmore, rousing himself from the stunning influence, rushed forward, and raising the body of his youthful brother in his arms, defaced and bleeding as it was, he swore a terrible oath, that for every drop of blood that had been spilt, heaven should give him vengeance. The other soldiers, who had neither brother nor kindred avenge the ghastly slain, shrunk with instinctive loathing from their gory clay; but breathing imprecations against the savage murderers, they followed the steps of Gilmore, who weighed as he was by his [illegible] burden, with rapid and unfaltering course approached the fort.

"Behold!" cried he to Stuart, who recoiled in sudden horror at the spectacle thus offered to his view, "behold!" and his voice was fearful in its deep and smothered tones, "had he been a man—but a boy, committed to my charge with the prayers and tears of a doating father—the Benjamin of his old age—Oh! by the shed blood of innocence and youth—by the white locks of age, I swear—to avenge his death on the whole of that vindictive race who thus dare to deface the image of their Maker—my poor, poor brother!"—and the rough soldier, overcome by the agony of his grief, deposited the mangled body in the ground, and throwing himself prostrate by its side, "lifted up his voice and wept aloud." The manly heart of Stuart was deeply affected by this awful catastrophy, and the violent emotion it had excited in one of the most intrepid of their band. That the treacherous deed had been committed by one of those tribes, of whose hostility Sakamaw had warned him, he could not doubt; and he looked forward with dark forbodings, to the stormy warfare that must ensue after such bold and daring outrage. He turned toward Augusta, who, pale with terror, stood with her Indian friend, somewhat aloof from the dark-browed group that surrounded the mourner and the mourned, and the thought that even the arm of love, "stronger than death," might not be able to shield *her* from the ravages of such an enemy, froze for a moment the very life blood in his veins. Sakamaw was no unmoved spectator of the scene we have described; but whatever were his internal emotions, his features remained cold and calm as the chiseled bronze they resembled. He saw many a fierce and lowering glance directed toward him, but like lightning on the same impassive surface, neither kindling nor impressing, they played around the stately form of the eagle chief.

"White warrior," said he, advancing nearer to Stuart, in the midst of the excited soldiers, "the serpent has coiled himself in the brake, to sting at the midnight hour. The wolf has lurked in ambush, and his fangs are dripping with the blood of the young. But the eagle soars in the noontide beam, and hurls the thunderbolt in the face of his foe. His children are guiltless of the innocent blood."

While Sakamaw was speaking, there was a sullen murmur of discontent among the soldiers the low growl that harbingers the tempest's wrath. Gilmore too, rose from his recumbent position, and stood with clenched hands, shut teeth, ashy lips, and eyes that burned red and malignant through tears that the heat of revenge was drying ere they fell. There is nothing so exasperating to one inflamed by hot and contending passions, as the sight of stoic indifference or perfect self-control. As the waters chafe and [illegible] most violently when most calmly opposed.

"Dog of an Indian!" muttered Gilmore, "painted hypocrite! fiend of subtlety and guile! How dare you come hither with your vain-boasting words, honey on your lips, and gall and bitterness in your heart? By the all-beholding heavens? you shall answer for every drop of blood spilled last night, by your own hand, or by the hands of your hellish tribe."

"Gilmore, Gilmore!" exclaimed Stuart, in a tone of deep command, "you are worse than mad. Respect the laws of military honor, nor dare to insult one who has voluntarily surrendered himself as a hostage for his tribe. This chief is under my protection, under the guard and protection of every noble and honorable heart. Look upon him; he is unarmed, yet with generous trust and confidence he has entered the white man's camp, to warn him of the very outrage over which we now mourn. Gilmore, be a man, be a soldier and command our sympathy; not our indignation."

The voice of the young commander, which had been wont to suppress every expression of mutiny or discontent, by its slightest tones, now made an appeal as vain as it was just. "Down with the red dog! down with him, Gilmore!" burst forth and echoed on every side. Again did Stuart raise his commanding voice, till it rose high and clear as the bugle's blast. He was answered by the same rebellious and daring spirits. Lebella, who had looked on in wild undefinable alarm now comprehended the full extent of the danger which hung over the devoted Sakamaw, and rushing through the lawless band, she wreathed her slender arms around his majestic frame, in the unavailing hope of shielding him from their rage.

"Fly, Sakamaw, fly!" she exclaimed, "the deer is not swifter than the foot of the hunter. Fly with Adario, from the home of the pale man. There is death in his gleaming eye."

"Sakamaw will never fly from the face of his foe. The Great Spirit is looking down upon my heart, and he sees that it is white of the blood of the brave." As the noble savage uttered these words, he looked up into the deep blue heavens, and drew back the deer skin robe from his breast, as if inviting the scrutiny of the All-seeing to the recesses of his naked heart. It would seem that,

"If heaven had not some hand
In this dark deed."

such magnanimous sentiments would have arrested the course of their revenge, but they were blind, and deaf, and infuriated. Gilmore felt in his bosom for the pistol, which he carried for his own safe-guard. Augusta saw the motion which was unperceived by Stuart, who was endeavoring to stem the torrent swelling around them. With an irresistible impulse she pressed forth and seized his arm at the very moment it was extended toward his victim. The motion and the report of the pistol was simultaneous. The angel of mercy was too late; the death shot pierced the bosom of Sakamaw, and the faithful breast that had vainly interposed itself between him and the impending blow. They fell—the forest oak and the carressing vine—blasted by the avenging stroke, and the pause that succeeds the thunder's crash, is not more awful than that which followed the deadly deed.

"Great God!" exclaimed Stuart, "what have you done? All the rivers of the West cannot wash out this foul stain." With feelings of bitter agony he knelt beside the dying chieftain and his wife.

"Sakamaw," he cried, "friend, brother of the white man, speak, if you have breath to utter, and say you believe me guiltless of this crime—would that I had died ere I beheld this hour."

The expiring Indian opened for the last time, that eye, which had been to his tribe a lamp in peace and a torch in war, but the eagle glance was quenched in the mists of death. Twice he endeavored to speak, but the word "*Adario*" was all that he could articulate.

"Yes, Sakamaw," he cried, "I will be a father to thy boy through life; in death I will cherish him."

Who can fathom the depth, the strength of a mother's love? Lebella, who had lain apparently lifeless on the bosom of Sakamaw, while Augusta, with bloodless cheeks and lips, weeping over her, seemed to arouse from the lethargy of death, at the name of her son. She raised her cold cheeks from its bloody pillow, and joined together her hands, already damp with the dews of dissolution, exclaimed in a voice unutterably solemn, while she lifted her dim and wavering glance to heaven—"*Oh! thou Every Where protect my son!*"*

With this sublime adjuration to the Omnipotent Spirit of the Universe, her soul made its transit, and Stuart and Augusta were left kneeling on either side of the dead bodies of the martyred Indians.

It is painful to record a deed which must forever stain the annals of American History; but now while we glow with indignation at the tale of Indian barbarities on the frontiers of the

---

* This impressive prayer was in reality breathed by a dying Indian mother.

West, let us remember the story of their past wrongs—let us think of the fate of the magnanimous Sakamaw, whose memory

"In long after years,
Should kindle our blushes and waken our tears."

* * * * *

Years rolled on. The wilderness began to "blossom like the rose," and the solitary places to look joyous with life, and bright with promise; while on the fair banks of the Ohio, the inhabited village, the busy town, or the prouder city, rose in beauty and imitative splendor. It was where the "father of ancient waters" flows on in all the opulence of its waves, still deep in the bosom of the wilderness, an isolated cabin reared its head through thick clusters of overshadowing vines, and perennial trees. The moon showered down its virgin rays on the woods, the waters, the peaceful cottage, the rustling trees—and lingered in brightness round two solitary figures reclining on the bank, watching the course of the swelling stream. Its pallid beams revealed the features of a man who had passed life's vernal season, and was verging toward the autumnal grey; but though the lines of deep thought or sorrow were distinctly marked on his pale brow, there was an air of military dignity and command investing his figure, which showed at once that his youth had been passed in the tented field. The other figure was that of a young man in all the vigor of earliest manhood, in the simple dress of a forester, with the swarthy cheek, glittering eye, and jet-black locks of the Indian race. As we do not aim at mystery in the development of the simple story, we will gather up in few words, the events of years in whose silent flight the young and gallant Stewart had become the subdued and pensive moralist, who sat gazing on the brink of the stream; and Adario, the orphan boy of the murdered Sakamaw, the manly youth, whose ardent yet civilised glance reflected the gleams that shone fitfully round them. The young, the beautiful Augusta, was now the dweller of "the dark and narrow house," and the widowed husband, disgusted with the world, had retired still deeper into the shades of the West, with the child of his adoption, and one sweet inheritor of her mother's charms, who had been baptised by the soft name of Labella, in memory of the mother of Adario. This only daughter, accompanied by a maternal friend, had for the first time visited the scenes of her parent's nativity, and it was to watch the boat which was to bring back the rose of the wilderness to the solitary bower, that the father and Indian youth, night after night, lingered on the banks, catching the faintest sound which anticipation might convert into the ripple caused by the dipping oar. Restless and stormy, unuttered feelings agitated the breast of Adario. Bred under the same roof, educated by the same enlighted and gifted mind, these children of the forest grew up together entwined in heart and soul, like two planets whose roots are wreathed, and whose leaves and tendrils interlace each other in indissoluble wedlock. The son of Sakamaw, the daughter of Augusta—the dark and the fair—the eagle and the dove—it seemed to the sad and imaginative Stewart, that the spirit of the injured Sakamaw would rejoice in the land of ghosts, at the bond that should unite these descendants of their sundered tribes. Adario, tortured by jealousy and fear, awaited the return of Labella with all the fiery impatience peculiar to the dark nation from which he derived his existence, though in *her* presence he was gentle and mild as the gentlest of his sex, and all the harsher traits of the aboriginal character were softened and subdued, retaining only that dignity and elevation we can never deny is their own legitimate dower.

Though they had usually retired before the midnight hour, they remained this night longer, by a kind of mysterious sympathy and indefinable apprehension. Clouds gathered over the calm and silvered heavens, and gradually deepening in darkness wrapt the woods and waters in their solemn shadows. A low, sullen growl broke at intervals on the silence of the night, and then [illegible] yet distant thunder. All was gloom above and around; and the same sullen murmuring sound came more distinctly on the air, which was now damp with the laboring storm. At last a light gleamed on the waters—bright, but still remote—and sent a long stream of radiance down the channel of the river, far as the spot where they were seated, gazing in a kind of fascination on the unwonted splendor. Louder and louder were those sullen murmers, and deeper and brighter grew the ominious and lightning-like flashes that illuminated the darkness of the wilderness. Onward it came, as if containing the principle of vitality in the fiery element that spread broader and fiercer around it—howling forth as it came those unearthly sounds which to the ear of an untutored savage would have seemed the angry thunders of the Manitou. Standing on the very brink of the river, with breathless suspense, they watched the approach of the blazing phantom, when the father, whose perceptions became clearer as it neared, and who had heard of those wondrous fabrics, one of those noblest inventions of human genius, that, propelled by vapor triumph in speed over the majestic ship or the lighter barque, believed he now for the first time beheld one of these wonders of the waves, enveloped in a glory which was only the herald of its destruction. The thought of his daughter, that she might be exposed to the awful fate, wrapped in those volumed flames, came over him like a death-blast. At this moment wild shrieks and tumultuous cries were heard confusedly mingling with the hoarse thunders and plunging sound of the waters—figures became visible through the sheets of flame, wreathed with blackening smoke, that reflected now their lurid brightness on the whole face of the sky. Suddenly a form burst through the blazing curtain, like an angel of light 'mid the region of despair—it was but a glimpse of loveliness; but that one glimpse discovered the fair, far-waving locks, the snow-white brow, and beauteous outlines of the daughter of Stuart. They saw her stretch forth her virgin arms to the heavens—then plunge through one devouring element into the cold embraces of another still as deadly. With one long, loud shriek of agony—the father and lover sprang from the shelving bank, and disappeared in the ignited waves!

The morning sun shone bright and clear on the blackened wreck of the "Evening Star," the name of the devoted boat, and the waters flowed on calmly and majestically, as if they never echoed to the shrieks of the dying, or closed over the relics of human tenderness and love. The solitary cottage—was still the abode of life, and youth, and hope. Adario and Labella, redeemed from a fiery or a watery grave, once more embosomed in its peaceful shades; but they *were* orphans. The river of the West, was now the sepulchre of the gallant soldier. Labella wept for her father—but she wept on the bosom of her lover, and she felt she was not alone.

It was a mysterious destiny, that thus united the offspring of two hostile nations in the loneliness of nature, the sacredness of love, and the holiness of religion—for Adario had learned to worship the Christian's God. The memory of Sakamaw, the friend of the white man, is still hallowed in the traditions of the West; but many a traveller passes by the cottage of the wilderness, and gazes on its shaded image in the current that bears him along, unconscious that the son of the Eagle chief, and the daughter of his brave defender, dwell within its secluded walls.

How the Specie goes.—The New York Courier and Enquirer of Saturday says, "Since the suspension south of us, the Philadelphia Transportation Line has, on each and every day, brought specie amounting on an average to at least $30,000." On Friday $60,000 in specie arrived in that city by the same line, and the dealers in the article are said to deposit more than they sell. It appears from this, that about a million of dollars, in specie, have been taken from this city to New York since the suspension.

Saturday Evening Post.

Edited by
G. R. GRAHAM & J. S. DU SOLLE.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1839.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to frank their letters addressed to us. The word "free" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post-office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Jokus" cannot joke us. His manuscript just now is warming us.

"J. W. M." is well expressed, but lacks symmetry. It is not harmonious. If the writer would carefully revise, and studiously polish, his efforts will gain him credit.

"R." we cannot oblige. He can write much better, if disposed to try.

"Sarah" is under consideration.

"H." may call on us.

"Sati" must be mistaken. He is more a votary of Bacchus than the Muses, we fancy.

"On Autumn" is read—at least the ink is *red*—it would not please the author's taste, if in type.

"Rosalie" has our thanks. We fancy we have had some acquaintance with the author before. When shall we hear from her again?

WHAT WE INTEND TO DO.

In our last number, we assured our readers, that we contemplated a series of improvements that would place the *Saturday Evening Post* on a par both in appearance, and contents, with the best news and literary journal in the land. The type, which is now casting for us, and which will be ready early in December, is of an unique, eminently handsome, and very superior quality. A new "head" for the paper is also being engraved for us, by a celebrated Artist, combining beauty and simplicity, with utility and taste. We have, besides, made arrangements for a regular and adequate supply of stout, white paper, at considerable expense. In addition to these efforts toward perfection in the mechanical department, and exterior of our paper, no labor, and no cost will be spared in the development of its intellectual strength. Our own exertions, when once fairly started, shall be of no ordinary character, and we have secured the assistance of several valuable literary friends, well known among the coteries of science, romance, and philosophy.

In future, in order to gratify as much as possible the laudable desire of our country readers, a large portion of our attention will be devoted to the collection and diffusion of such news, memoranda, tables, facts, hints, &c. as may seem important to agriculturists, and the population resident without the confines of our great cities. We shall carefully chronicle, not only the phenomena of men, but of things: not only the fluctuating value of opinions and hypothesis, but (a far more important matter) of beef, pork, flour, corn, oats, potatoes, ect. etc. as well as of every thing else calculated to interest the head, the stomach, or the pocket, of every member of society. In fine, we are determined to make the Saturday Evening Post, pre-eminently, a *family newspaper*: a sheet, which the most modest may peruse without a blush, the most innocent without contamination, the most susceptible, without the apprehension of an ill: a sheet, which of a long winter's eve, the whole household may listen to, while seated around the cheerful hearth, confident of amusement and instruction, and in anticipation of the joyous laugh, the witty thought, and the profound reflection.

Athenian Lecture.—The lecture by Dr. Ludlow before the Athenian Institute, on Tuesday evening last, was very numerously attended. The subject was the Power of Association, and parts of it were well handled. The professor, however, did not forget that he was connected with the Alma Mater of many of his hearers, and dwelt rather too much upon the education of the young. The conclusion of his discourse was, by far, the best part, and the deep patriotism of the orator was felt. We were glad to hear him denounce the quack morality becoming too prevalent, and to inculcate the importance of keeping up the observance of the anniversary of our National Independence. His idea of having a National cemetery where the illustrious and patriotic dead might repose together is worthy of attention. It might do much to bind the hearts of the citizens of every state together.

COLONIZATION MEETING.

A meeting of the Young Men's Pennsylvania Colonization Society was held in the Musical Fund Hall, on Monday evening last. Mr. Gurley made one of the ablest addresses that we ever listened to, upon that subject. His intimate knowledge of the affairs of the Colonies, furnished him with an abundance of facts, which, after all, are more powerful than rhetoric. His conclusion, "If I forget thee, O Africa! may my right hand forget its cunning; if I fail to plead thy cause, let the tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth," had a great effect upon the audience. There is a sincerity in his manner, far more effective than words, which render him a powerful advocate. He was followed by Dr. Bethune, who was as usual witty and happy.—There was an absence of all abuse of those who differ with them, which we much admire; and we sincerely think that the great ends of benevolence would be more essentially served, if the friends of the African race would invariably adopt this course. The meeting closed after a collection was taken up, but we have not heard the amount of money received.

ACTION FOR DAMAGES.

The case of Zimmins vs. McClellen, came up before the District Court, on the 6th and 7th inst. before Judge Jones. It was brought to recover damages for an alleged breach of contract.

The contract was dated July, 1832; it was in writing, drawn by the defendant, and signed by him; and stipulated that he would let to plaintiff a lot of ground, at the corner of Eleventh and Carpenter streets, at the rent of $1 37 per foot—deed to be executed in six months. A quantity of testimony was offered in the cause as to the value of the lot, and as to an alleged waivers of the contract by the plaintiff. Finally, the defendant let the lot in question to one Phillips, at $1 87 per foot, and the claim was to recover the difference.

The cause was argued by W. L. Hirst, for plaintiff, and S. H. Perkins, for defendant. Judge Jones charged the jury that the paper in question was void of itself, as it was without any consideration on its face; that a written agreement to let a lot at a fixed price—deed to be delivered at a certain time—could not be enforced, unless the jury believed that some consideration existed; that if they believed that both parties contemplated that plaintiff was to erect a building on the lot, then that was a consideration, and would make the paper valid, although it did not appear on its face; and that in such case, the plaintiff must prove that he did erect a building thereon, or he must fail, unless the jury believed that the deed was to be given before any building was put up; but without such agreement to build, the writing was void; that if the jury was satisfied that the agreement in writing was based upon the consideration of building and improving, and that it was to be given before any building was erected upon the lot, then it was necessary for the defendant to tender the deed, and their verdict would be for the plaintiff. But if no agreement to build existed, then the contract was void; and if the building was to be erected before any deed was to be given, or if the plaintiff had waived and relinquished the contract, then the amount would be for the defendant.

Verdict for defendant.

LOTTERY FRAUDS.

A Mr. Charles, was arrested on Friday last, in this city, under the following circumstances:

Mr. Dwight, of Trenton, had drawn a prize of $1000, in some Southern lottery, and sent Mr. Vorhees down to this city, on the 15th of October last, to get the ticket cashed. He applied to Mr. Charles, in the Arcade, who agreed to give him $900 for the prize, and in fact, gave him a check to that amount. The check when presented at bank, was not paid, while in the meantime Mr. C. went and got of a Mr. Rodgers $810 in good money, for the prize. The check was returned, but Mr. Charles declined giving Mr. Vorhees any thing afterward beside a check for $100, and his note for the balance.

The defendant pleaded in defence that he only acted as the agent or messenger of his father, and had nothing to do with any thing fraudulent in the transaction.

The Alderman adjudged there was good ground to believe him a participator in the conspiracy to defraud, and held him in $1000 bail to appear at the Criminal Sessions for trial.

The elder Charles has not been arrested.

STAR GAZING.

A Star was plainly visible in the heavens, on Monday last, at mid-day, and attracted the gaze of a good many thousands of our citizens. The brilliant stranger was the planet Venus, generally to be seen a little after sunset, and then recognised as the Evening Star, or a little before sunrise, and then known as the Morning Star. The brightest star in the firmament, and the second planet from the sun, she is easily distinguished from the other heavenly bodies.

In relation to her beautiful appearance, in brilliant and dazzling daylight, we find the following note in the American Almanac for the present year: "Venus appears most brilliant when her elongation is about 45°, and she is approaching or receding from her inferior conjunction. She will, therefore, appear most brilliant, in the evening about the 30th of August, and in the morning about the 11th of November, about which time she may be seen by the naked eye without much difficulty, amid the brightest sunshine."

AWFUL CONFLAGRATION! NINETEEN BUILDINGS BURNT!

The Chicago Democrat extra, of Oct. 27th says: About 2 o'clock on Sunday morning, the 27th, a fire broke out between the buildings belonging to Henry Brown and D. Hatch, and could not be arrested until it had destroyed nearly all the block bounded by Lake, Clarks, South Water, and Dearborn streets, on the south side of the alley, and a violent rain alone protected the remainder of the block, and several adjacent ones. Indeed, no one can predict its immense ravages, had it been a clear and windy night.

As to the cause of the fire there are various opinions. A large portion of our citizens are inclined to attribute it to incendiaries, and this view gains confirmation from the large number of thieves detected around the premises. The fire was arrested in the direction of this office wholly by the intervention of the lately erected fire proof building, occupied by B. W. Raymond & Co. and by Osborn & Strail, and on Dearborn street, in the direction of the Theatre, by the pulling down of Messrs. Spring & Goodrich's office. With the exception of the fire proof building, and one of brick, the block was all wood.

The following gentlemen are the sufferers so far as we have been able to learn them:

W. H. Taylor, shoe store—loss about covered. J. A. Smith & Co. hat store, $800 insured. S. W. Gess, dry goods, $5000 insured. Eddy & Co. hardware, no insurance—loss $2000; store owned in New York city. Ayers & Hiff, no insurance on either goods or store; loss $7000. A. John N. Balistier, lawyers—loss not known; no insurance. D. Hatch, hardware, insured $8000. J. Johnson, dry goods and groceries, loss $5000, insured $1800. Kendall, Vail & Co. clothing store—loss $7000, insured $5000. O. H Thompson, dry goods and groceries; loss $9000, insurance $9000. T. Whitlock, shoe and leather store; loss $1000; no insurance. H. G. Wells, grocery—loss $5000. Tremont House, kept by Ira Couch; loss $6000; no insurance. Dr. E. Kimberley's office—loss unknown. C. Follansby, grocery—loss $2500; insurance $1200. Stanton & Black, auction store; insured $1000. Wm. Osbourn, shoe store, goods saved, and loss on building $1000; insured $800. A. Follansbee, grocery; loss $2500, no insurance. Spring & Goodrich's law office, library mostly saved. J. Sawyer, drug store, building saved, loss by moving goods $2800, insured.

In addition to the above, there are several out houses consumed, containing property of considerable value. Considerable damage was experienced in the adjoining blocks by the removal of goods, &c.

DR. DYOTT AGAIN.

The motion made some time since, to discharge Dr. Dyott, on the ground that he had not pleaded to the indictment, came up before the Court of Criminal Sessions, on Saturday last.—The case was argued by Messrs. Phillips, Jr. Ingersoll and Hirst.

The two former contended in favor of the discharge, that the Grand and Petit Juries which tried the case were irregularly summoned—that the court had caused an order to be placed on their books, setting aside all bills found where the defendants refuse to plead,—that the Doctor had never entered a plea—that he had never exercised the right of challenge, and was consequently entitled to every right and privilege extended to all other individuals who have availed themselves of the advantage of the illegality which existed.

On the other side, Mr. Hirst contended that the Doctor had derived all the advantages that might have resulted from a trial, that although he had not entered a plea, one had been entered according to law by the court—that he had examined witnesses in his own defence, and the court having once finally disposed of the matter had no longer any jurisdiction over it.

The arguments on both sides were certainly ingenious and able, and Judge Todd said the court would take some time to fully consider the matter.

A Precocious Scoundrel.—On the 3d of October last, an English boy, about fourteen years of age, named Joseph Linees, was brought to the Lower Police Office, N Y by his employer, Mr. John E. Hunt, of 39½ South street, who accused him of robbing his money drawer, of $25. The boy acknowledged the theft, and stated that he had stolen other sums of money from Mr. Hunt.

On this confession, Justice Wyman sent the boy to the House of Refuge, where he remained until about a week since, when he effected his escape by digging under the wall that surrounds the building. On Tuesday night he paid a visit to the store of his old employer, effected a burglarious entrance, and robbed him of about $12. On Thursday night Mr. Hunt arrested the young burglar in the street, and lodged him in the First District Watch House, where he was placed under lock and key in one of the cells over the Market. At the discharge of the watch yesterday morning, it was discovered that the young rascal had managed to pick the lock of his cell, and effect his escape by letting himself down from the second story window with a rope, which was lying in the corridor. Immediately on effecting his escape, the young rogue again returned to the store of Mr. Hunt, effected a forcible entrance, and decamped with $14.

In the course of yesterday the precocious burglar was again arrested, and safely lodged in one of the Egyptian tombs, in the city prison. In a short time afterward, Captain Hyde, the keeper of the prison, was somewhat surprised as he was passing through the prison yard, to discover the leg and arm of some person protruding through the aperture, for ventilation of one of the cells in the second corridor of the main prison, about thirty feet from the ground. The affrighted keeper immediately proceeded to the cell occupied by young Linees, and found that he had made a rope by tearing up his blanket, and was attempting to force himself through the aperture, which is about eighteen inches long and six inches in width.

The keeper being fearful of his customer, immediately had him placed in the black coach, and taken to his old quarters at the House of Refuge.

LOW SPIRITED.

We see by an editorial in the Germantown Telegraph, that some low spirited individuals are ransacking the country round for five dollar notes of the Germantown Bank, which when they obtain, they immediately institute a suit upon, against the bank for the purpose of procuring the specie to sell to the brokers.

The Germantown Bank is perhaps one of the very best institutions in the State, it is conducted with discretion and ability, and has the warm support of hundreds of citizens of both Germantown and Philadelphia, and of the substantial farmers for miles around. It is doubtless better prepared to meet its liabilities than almost any other institution, and the small malice which these persons betray, can work the Bank no injury. But we agree with the Telegraph that "having filled the object of its creation as perfectly, perhaps, as could have been contemplated, it naturally should, in a period like the present, be sustained in a position, which was not of its own seeking, but which was forced upon it by circumstances over which it had no control, and in producing which it had no agency.

"Let us patiently await the remedy to be provided by the Legislature, which will meet, the first Tuesday in January; and in the meantime let us, in the language of the Governor in his letter to the Attorney-General, 'cultivate a spirit of mutual forbearance and moderation on all sides, as the course best adapted to restore a sound and healthy condition of affairs. Every attempt to aggravate existing embarassments unnecessarily, should be discountenanced by all cool and reflecting citizens.'"

THE OPERA HOUSE.

At the Marshall House on Saturday evening, a meeting of our men of means was held, Joseph R. Ingersoll in the chair, to consider the project of erecting an Opera House at the corner of Ninth and Chesnut Street. It will be done, we fancy.

The stage is to be 105 feet deep and 66 wide at the curtain; and the wings of the proscenium, 55 feet high, are to be so constructed, as when thrown back, to present in full view of the audience, a stage of 10,920 square feet. On each side of the stage are to be disposed, as follows:

40 Private Dressing Rooms,	10 by 10
1 Green Room,	20 by 40
2 Managers' Rooms, each	20 by 20
2 General Dressing Rooms, each	20 by 40
1 Property Room,	20 by 40
1 Wardrobe and Tailor's Room,	20 by 40
2 Store Rooms,	10 by 20
Scene Painter's Room, Study, &c.	95 by 23
Carpenter's Shop and Lumber Loft,	95 by 23
Besides Staircases, &c.	

The basement story is to contain 11 fire-proof stores on Chesnut street, and eight fire-proof stores or offices on the south side of the building. Every apartment is to be warmed by hot air, and lighted by gas. The report concludes:

The rates of admission would be to

The Parquette,	75 cents.
The 1st and 2d tiers of Boxes,	50 cents.
The 3d, 4th, and 5th tiers,	25 cents.

Another Aged One.—An esteemed friend writes us thus:

"I noticed a short time since an article in your paper, giving a short account of a black man, supposed the only one alive, of General

"There is an old black man whose name is Stanup living, about six miles from this village, whose eyes fill with tears whenever the name of Washington is pronounced in his presence—says he was a servant to General Washington during the whole of the revolutionary war, except six weeks he had to retire from the service on account of a wound he received in the heel. He owns a small farm. He says if he were now to tell the young men of the present day, the hardships, fatigue, toil, and bloodshed, he witnessed during that period that tried men's souls, they would tell him that he was lieing."

J. A.

GIRARD BANK.

This bank has been submitted to a thorough examination, and the result in the words of the committee is, "That the bad debts already made and likely to occur on the bills and stocks now held by the Bank, cannot in any human probability exceed the sum of $400,000, and may fall far short of that amount; against which the Bank has a contingent fund of 550,000 set apart from former earnings, and also standing to the credit of profit and loss the sum of $218,273 76 (the earnings of last six months,) making an aggregate of $768,273 76.

"That the report completely silences many of the false rumors that have been industriously circulated in the community in relation to the Girard Bank, and vindicates the soundness of the institution, and the integrity of its officers."

NATIONAL DEBT OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

We find the following estimate in an exchange paper. It was copied from a recent speech made in the British House of Commons. It may be nearly correct, although we had the impression that the debt of the English government was considerably greater in amount. It will be observed that the United States, Switzerland and Sweden are the only nations entirely free from a national debt.

		Debt per head proportion of		
England,	£800,000,000	£32	0	6
France,	194,400,000	5	19	7
Russia,	35,550,000	0	11	9
Austria,	77,160,000	2	7	6
Prussia,	29,701,000	2	7	7
Netherlands,	148,500,000	23	5	5
Spain,	70,000,000	5	0	8
United States,	—	—	—	—
Sicilies,	18,974,000	2	11	2
Bavaria,	11,311,000	2	16	0
Sardinia,	4,584,000	1	1	2
Turkey,	3,667,000	0	7	8
Sweden,	—	—	—	—
Portugal,	5,649,000	1	2	6
Denmark,	3,799,000	1	18	4
Rome,	17,142,000	7	9	0
Poland,	5,740,000	1	3	0
Saxony,	3,300,000	2	9	0
Hanover,	2,284,000	1	11	0
Baden,	1,578,000	0	1	9
Wirtemberg,	2,506,000	1	12	0
Tuscany,	1,384,000	1	4	7
Hesse, (Darmstadt)	1,184,000	1	3	11
Hesse, (Electorate)	220,000	0	1	1
Switzerland,	—	—	—	—
Norway,	220,000	0	3	1
East India Co. territories,	47,609,000	0	9	0

A Dreadful Earthquake.—A letter from India gives an account of a dreadful earthquake, with which the city of Ava was visited on the 23d of March last. After some preliminary particulars, the account proceeds:

The earth was rent in several places into wide chasms and fissures, from ten to twenty feet wide, from which deluges of water had gushed, and a large quantity of gray earth was thrown up, covering the place around several feet deep, and emitting a sulphurous smell. The rapid current of the Irrawaddi was even reversed at the time of the shock, and ascended up its bed for a while. The old cities of Ava and Tsagain, with their numerous pagodas and other edifices, have also been reduced to heaps of ruins, and their walls shattered and thrown down. The towns and villages above and below the capitol have likewise suffered, and it is reported that some have even been swallowed up and others destroyed by inundation. The number of persons that perished here and in the surrounding towns and villages amounts to between 200 and 300.

"WHERE HUDSON'S WAVE."

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Where Hudson's wave, o'er silvery sands,
Winds through the hills afar,
Old Cro'nest like a monarch stands,
Crowned with a single star:
And there, amid the billowy swells
Of rock-ribbed, cloud-capt earth,
My fair and gentle Ina dwells,
A nymph of mountain birth.

The snow-curl that the cliff receives,
The diamonds of the showers,
Spring's tender blossoms, buds and leaves,
The sisterhood of flowers;
Morn's early beam, eve's balmy breeze,
Her purity define;
But Ina's dearer far than these
To this fond breast of mine.

My heart is on the hills. The shades
Of night are on my brow;
Ye pleasant haunts and silent glades,
My soul is with you now!
I bless the star-crown'd highlands where
My Ina's footsteps roam:
Oh, for a falcon's wing to bear
Me onward to my home!

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

"*Nicholas Nickleby*" complete in one volume with numerous illustrations by "Boz" has been published by Lea & Blanchard. Boz winds up the story quite happily, and with the exception of Ralph Nickleby, very comfortably, for all parties. Who except Boz would have thought of uniting Tim Linkwater with Miss La Creevy or of breaking up Dotheboys Hall amid the lusty huzzaings of the starved youngsters? By the way, that scene bears the impress of the master pencil of Boz. The death of Ralph is not in character, nor true to nature, and the real cause of the suicide is not sufficiently developed. A lawyer may discover that the prospect of transportation was the inducement, but the ordinary reader will find that part of the narrative sufficiently obscure. A man of such a temperament as Ralph might be expected to war more determinedly with fate, and to have died only after she had done her worst, and even then taunting his enemies.

The Law Reporter for November is upon our table. It contains a sketch of the Life of Mr. Justice Story, with the report of several important cases, critical notices, Monthly Chronicle, etc. It is a very useful and important publication. R. S. H. George, No. 11 Chesnut street, agent.

POSTSCRIPT.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PACKET SHIP OXFORD.

Three days later from Liverpool!

The packet ship Oxford, Captain Rathbone, arrived November 13th, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 21st October, bringing advices from that port three days later than were received by the Great Western.

By express from Paris on the 19th, intelligence was received of ministerial disagreements. M. Cousin had resigned the title of extraordinary councillor, because he had been struck from the list of active councillors.

In an article in the London Spectator, in which it is stated that application has been made for an order in council, authorising the issue of one pound notes. The same statement was made in papers brought by the Great Western.

—Another suicide by leaping from the Monu- was a mere lad, only fifteen years of age, named Hawes. He deliberately climbed over the iron railing and sprang off, falling about forty feet from the base.

"The British Queen will start on her third trip to New York on the first of November. We were incorrect in stating last week, that she had already 200 of her berths engaged. On Thursday, we believe, she had not more than 130 taken."—*Liverpool Albion, Oct.* 21.

Bank of England.—A supplement to the London Gazette of Friday, Oct. 18, was published on Saturday, containing the following article:

Quarterly average of the weekly liabilities and assets of the Bank of England, from the 23d July to the 15th of Oct. 1839, both inclusive, published pursuant to the Act 3 and 4 William IV. cap 98.

Liabilities.		*Assets.*	
Circulation	£17,612,000	Securities	£24,939,000
Deposits	6,734,000	Bullion	2,525,000
	£24,346,000		£27,464,000

Downing street, Oct. 18, 1839.

This return is more unsatisfactory than any which has preceded it. The bullion continues to flow out of the Bank's coffers, which cannot now contain more than two millions sterling.—The return shows a reduction in the circulation of £348,000, in the deposits of £1,047,000 in the securities of £997,000, and in the bullion of £291,000.

COMMUNICATION.

IRREGULARITY OF TEETH.

Extract from a Lecture on Dental Surgery by Dr. J. F. Caldwell.

An erroneous notion widely prevails, and in general, it influences the action of many in practice, that irregularity in the position of teeth, should be corrected by the extraction of some of their number, to give room for the others, in their arch. This mode of correcting the evil, is not only unnatural, but it is positively injurious, and entirely unnecessary. The main cause of the beginning of irregularity, is, the teeth, that is, the permanent or last set are forced out of their arch, by the retention too long, of the first or temporary set. When the last or permanent teeth make their appearance, this first cause should be promptly removed, and those of the second set brought side by side into their arch; *and this can in all cases be done;* but the younger the person the easier and sooner can it be effected. The slightest force of a thread correctly applied, and continued for a few weeks, will change the position of the firmest tooth. The tooth yields in the direction of the pressure, from the fluids in the periosteum being expelled, and the absorption of the alveolus in the same direction, is the consequence, to the extent sufficient, to give room necessary for the introduction and accommodation of the tooth.

The teeth would make for themselves a greater circle if properly directed by projecting outward; but if unnaturally interfered with by extracting, for instance, some of their number, they will all lean inward, and take for themselves less circle, and the consequence is the jaws are made to differ too much in diameter if one of them only is *robbed* of some teeth, after the same manner that the staves of a vessel do that are wider at one end than the other. In a vessel built of staves of different width at their ends, if confined within the circle where their ends are less wide, and one or more of the staves be pressed out of the circle, and the end where they are wider, it will not only tend to derange and destroy the vessel itself, but it may actually cause its diameter to be less at the end where the staves are the widest.

The notion entertained by many, that the teeth are best a little separated is wrong. The teeth should touch, they naturally tend to impugn upon and mutually support each other. And those who advise a separation of sound teeth to prevent decay, suggest the infliction of lasting injury. Teeth thus separated, before they can derive the aid nature intended they should give and receive from each other in their motion and action before they can obtain and perform it, have to travel over the space destroyed by the file. With as little propriety might we advise a well person to take physic.

City News.

Trial of Capt. Young.—We purposed giving the whole of this interesting trial this week but it has not yet been decided. The argument was concluded on Wednesday, about 1 o'clock by Mr. Reed for the prosecution, in one of his ablest efforts. The evidence was then summed up, and the jury charged by Judge Hopkinson in a very lucid and comprehensive style. The jury retired at half past 3. At about nine o'clock in the evening the Court was organised, and the Jury returned a verdict of "not guilty of the two first indictments charging him with man-slaughter, but guilty of assault and battery." They were informed that there was no indictment against him for assault and battery, and that such a verdict was equivalent to an acquittal, as the United States Court had no power to act upon a case of common assault and battery, unless it was for damages. The Jury then returned, and remained out until the opening of the Court on Thursday morning, when not being able to agree upon a verdict as to the third indictment, which charges him with "maliciously beating, &c." they were discharged, and the defendant bound over in the sum of $5000 for his appearance at the April session of the Court, to answer the charge of maliciously beating the boy who died on his vessel. The decision of the Jury on the two first indictments are final as to the prosecution of those charges against him.

Philadelphia Museum.—Mrs. Watson announces her grand benefit to take place on Tuesday evening next. She will have a galaxy of talent associated with her on this occasion. Mrs. Watson is one of the most popular of vocalists, but with the assistance of Miss Wells, Mad. Thrum, Mademoiselle Kerwig, Thrum, Stephan, Hunt, Quayle, Rutherford, Coleman on the Accordion, and Norton on the Cornet. She cannot fail to draw one of the fullest houses, that has been witnessed at the Museum for some months.

Daring Burglary.—The dwelling of Dr. McClellan, at the corner of Walnut street and Blackberry alley, was entered on Friday morning last at an early hour, and a number of articles stolen therefrom. The villains effected their entrance through a back door, into which they bored about fifty holes with an auger.

A Decoy Nest.—Complaint was entered a few days since before Alderman McClean, of Moyamensing, by a colored man named David Jones, against the inmates of a house in Parker's alley near Catharine street, of their having robbed him. The Alderman had them arrested, and on examination it appeared that complainant came from New York, and one of the inmates of the house decoyed him and took his trunk from the boat to the house, and after getting him there, his trunk was broken open, and $75 taken therefrom. Philip Boon, Maria Jones, and Rosanna Lecount, were sent to prison to await their trial at the Criminal Court.

Quashing of Juries.—The array of jurors for the Court of Common Pleas, was quashed on Friday last, on account of informality.

On Saturday last, in the Supreme Court of this State, a motion was made to quash the array of jurors on the same grounds. Judge Sergeant conceived the motion more in the light of a challenge to the array in the case of Steel vs. Bosques than brought before the Court and, sustaining the motion, ordered that a new venire be directed to the Sheriff to summon 24 special jurors to appear to-day to try that cause. Another venire was ordered for a jury in the case of Maries vs. Schermerhorn.

Impudent Robbery.—The drug store at the corner of Ninth and Shippen streets was entered through the window, about 4 o'clock on Friday morning last, and the clothing belonging to the clerk of the store was carried off, so that he had not a garment [illegible] while mixing paints—the pocket of which contained between 80 and 90 dollars. It appeared that the thief or thieves had taken hold of this, but likely thinking it, by its outward appearance, not worth carrying off, threw it on the floor. Alderman Longhead was called on, and the clothes were, by his exertions, recovered on Saturday morning, but the thief or thieves were not to be found.

Handsome Collection.—The collection at St. John's Church on Sunday, last, the Rev. Dr. Moriarty preaching in behalf of St. John's Orphans' Asylum, amounted to $620.

A New Insurance Company.—The Columbia Fire Insurance are about to open their books for subscription to the stock. The capital is $200,000, and may be increased to 500,000.

Lehigh Coal Trade.—The shipments for the week ending Thursday last, were 4042 tons. Total this season, 215,128 tons, in 5115 boats.

Music.—The Philharmonic Society has been re-organised, and will soon commence giving a series of concerts for subscribers alone. Dr. J. K. Mitchell, a gentleman of elegant and various acquirements, who will as a lover of the arts, take a lively interest in the success of the association, has been appointed President, assisted by other gentlemen, all determined to exert themselves in its favor.

Arch Street Theatre opened on Saturday night last, in the hands of a German Company of great ability.

Personal Items.

Suicide.—A young man aged about nineteen, named William Alexander Martin, committed suicide at New York, on Friday, by taking laudanum. The reason he assigned for the act was the want of employment and consequent inability to pay his boarding.

A Bequest.—The Rev. A. G. Drummond, late Catholic priest of Plattsburg, who died recently at Quebec, left by his will the sum of $1000 to be applied in the erection of the Catholic church now building at Plattsburgh, N. Y.

The Death of Mr. Levett Harris, formerly Consul General of the United States at St. Petersburg, is announced in a morning paper.

Dwight, who absconded from Mississippi with $10,000, and who was overtaken at St. Louis and gave up $9400, has been discharged without bail!

Complimentary.—Gideon B. Smith, Esq. of Baltimore, has been presented with a beautiful service of plate, in testimony of his usefulness in making known the virtues of the Morus Multicaulis. The plate was presented by the citizens of Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, through a Committee appointed for the purpose. It bears a device representing groves of mulberry trees, cocooneries, &c.

Clerical Death.—The Pensacola papers announce the death of the Rev. Joseph H. Saunders.

A Suicide.—Mr. John W. Jacks, a citizen of Georgetown, S. C. recently committed suicide by cutting his throat, while laboring under temporary insanity.

Fatal Accident.—The Boston Atlas says that Mr. Ward, residing in Spring street, Roxbury, was found dead near his residence on Thursday night. He had been out driving an ox team with a load of lumber from the city—and it is supposed that he fell from the tongue of the wagon while asleep, and that the wheels passed over his head, which was dreadfully crushed.

Accident.—Daniel Watson, of Kingston, Mass. was accidentally killed on Thursday, by the discharge of a gun while in the act of handing it to a Mr. Hunt, who was with him shooting ducks.

Miscellaneous Paragraphs.

A Shocking Accident.—The Baltimore Chronicle states, that on Saturday morning, shortly after the steamboat Virginia left the wharf, the engineer, Mr. Shoemaker, accidentally fell in such a position among the machinery, as to have both legs terribly broken.

A Good Sentiment.—The Philadelphia Gazette, well says that "the want of promptness in answering letters, is the besetting sin of this country. Many a man owes his success in life to punctuality in matters of this kind. No better recommendation can be given to one who is desirous of business, than that he is certain to answer letters at the earliest possible moment, if it be only to acknowledge their receipt."

Making Coffee.—Some one offers the following improved method of making coffee:—"Put your coffee, (after grinding) into a flannel bag, tie it closely, (allowing it sufficient room to boil freely,) put it in the boiler, adding as much water as may be required. After boiling, it will be found to be *perfectly clear*, without the addition of egg, &c. having likewise the advantage of retaining the flavor of the *flannel*.

Internal Improvements.—At the desire of Gov. Wickliffe, a large meeting took place, Oct. 29th, at Louisville, on the subject of a loan from the citizens, to carry on the works of internal improvement. The meeting was eloquently addressed by the Governor, and by ex-Governor Morehead, which latter, deprecating, with the former, the ungrounded apprehensions of creating a dangerous State debt, also said, in addition, that the whole amount that has been expended so far in the prosecution of State improvements, and what is necessary to the completion of the works contemplated, will not exceed $8,000,0 00 and that there would then be nearly 1000 miles of turnpike road and about 700 miles of slack-water navigation.

Sea Serpent.—The Sea Serpent was seen on the 2d inst. off Boon Island, by Capt. Sawyer of the schr. Alfred, which arrived last week at Newburyport, from a mackerel cruise. His serpentine majesty had his head erected ten feet above water, so that the captain had a fair squint at him.

A Porker.—A hog has been raised in Wallingford, Vt which weighs *sixteen hundred pounds* and is three or four years old. He has been sold for $200, and is to be transported about the country for a show.

Silk Convention.—It is proposed to hold a National Convention of those interested in the cultivation and manufacture of Silk in the United States. The city of Washington is named as the place of holding it; the tenth of December the time.

White Lead.—A discovery has been made in the neighborhood of Plymouth, of a mineral possessing as a base for paint, all the properties of white lead. We understand that paints manufactured from the article have been rigidly tested by exposure for a length of time to all weathers, and that the results have been so satisfactory as to lead to a conclusion that the future consumption of white lead must be very considerably reduced.

Disputed Territory.—Sir John Harvey, the Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick, has issued a proclamation, commanding all persons to abstain from cutting timber, or in any manner trespassing upon any part of the "disputed territory." The warden, J. A. Maclauchlin, is authorised to seize, take and destroy all timber which may be cut in violation of the proclamation. And for this purpose to employ such force as may be necessary.

A Watery Grave.—The Providence Journal of Tuesday says—James Davis, a seaman, on board the brig Elbe, which vessel dropped below yesterday morning bound to Havana, jumped overboard from that vessel, apparently with the intention of reaching the shore, having deliberately taken off his shoes and stockings before jumping over. But finding, as is supposed, that he would not be able to succeed, he attempted to return to the vessel. He was unable to reach her, however, and sunk and was drowned before assistance could be rendered by those on board.

The Great Western.—The Great Western will leave New York to day.

Price of Flour.—Flour at Louisville, on the 2d, $4.25 cash; at New York, on Thursday, at $5,50 and $5,62½.

Savannah Theatre.—The Savannah Theatre is about to be opened under the management of Mr. W. C. Forbes.

Another Steamer Sunk.—The steamboat Camden, on her passage down the Missouri river, struck a snag, and sunk at Newport.—Boat a total loss.

Rain.—It was reported at Wheeling, (Va.) on the 30th ult. that there had been a great fall of water at the head streams of the Youghegany and Cheat rivers, the main branches of the Monongahela, and that it had rained incessantly, for three days, in the glades of the Alleghenies.

Thirty-three Passengers, saved from the ships Equator and Mary Howland, wrecked on the Florida Keys, have arrived at Mobile.

Appropriate.—There is sound philosophy and sterling common sense, in the following little paragraph:

Cut your coat according to your cloth is an old maxim, and a wise one; and if people will only square their ideas according to their circumstances, how much happier might we all be! If we would come down a peg or two in our notions, in accordance with our waning fortunes, happiness would be always within our reach. It is not what we have or what we have not, which adds to or substracts from our felicity. It is the longing for more than we have, the envying of those who possess that more, and the wish to appear in the world *of* more consequence than we really are, which destroys our peace of mind, and eventually lead to ruin.

A Present from the Emperor of Russia.—The librarian of the University of the city of New York, acknowledges the receipt of a splendid work on surgery, directed to General Tallmadge as President of the Council, by royal order, and communicated through the Hon. M. de Bodisca, the minister of his Majesty at Washington, accompanied by a letter from the secretary of the Medical and Chirurgical Academy at St. Petersburgh.

This work is in royal folio; the letter press is done in parallel columns of Latin and Russian, in a style worthy of the best London press. It is a treatise on the various forms and the treatment of the hernia. The illustrations are done on copper plate, of life size, and in duplicate sets of outline and full engraving.

Border Troubles.—A letter in the St. Louis Gazette states that difficulties are likely to arise between Iowa and Missouri. There had been a meeting of delegates, seven from Iowa, and seven from Missouri, on the 24th ult. to settle upon some amicable mode of action, in regard to the boundary question, until the meeting of Congress.

The Missouri delegation wished Missouri to be empowered to collect the taxes and have concurrent jurisdiction over the disputed territory. The Iowa proposed that things should remain in *statu quo ante bellum*. Gradually, feeling was excited; no agreement could be hit on; and the meeting adjourned.

Death of the Giraffe.—The beautiful Giraffe, imported from Africa by Messrs. Welsh, Weeks & Co. at an immense expense, some two years since, and was which for a time on exhibition in this city, died at Newark on Friday last. It was probably the effect of the cold weather which caused the animal's death.

Dreadful Accident.—The St. Louis Bulletin states that on the 26th ult. Mr. Cunningham, the superintendent of the blasting operations in central St. Louis, near McKee's Mills, was blown up by an accidental explosion, and mangled in a most shocking manner. It appears that while Mr. Cunningham was arranging things for a blast, the needle broke, and stooping down to see what was the matter, the explosion occurred, blowing him into the air several feet. His entrails were entirely torn out, and he is not expected to survive.

Lake Fisheries.—The Cleveland (Ohio) Herald states that 8384 barrels of Lake fish have gone up the Ohio canal from Cleveland this season.

Trial for Murder.—James Giles has been convicted in the Circuit Court of Pike county, Missouri, of murder in the second degree, for killing his wife, and sentenced to ten years confinement at hard labor.

Conviction of Murder.—The case of Ezra White, convicted of murder at New York, has been argued before the Supreme Court, and a new trial denied. He will be sentenced on Monday.

Sentence of Murder.—William Harper has been convicted at Newbern, N. C. of the murder of his wife, and sentenced to be hung on the 13th of December.

An Old Member.—Bennett Low, a member of the General Assembly of Rhode Island, from Warwick, was a member of that body at the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution. He voted in favor of it.

Thanksgiving.—At a meeting of the members of the different churches in Richmond, Va. it was resolved to recommend that Friday, the 13th of December, be set apart as a day of thanksgiving.

Gov. Shannon, of Ohio, has appointed Saturday, the 14th of December next, to be observed throughout the state as a day of public thanksgiving.

Another.—The acting Governor of Michigan has issued his proclamation, recommending that Thursday, the 28th of November be set apart as a day of thanksgiving and prayer.

Lead.—*Green Bay, Oct.* 15.—Three hundred pigs, (twenty thousand pounds,) arrived here via the Fox river, from Fort Winnebago, toward the close of last week, destined for eastern markets, through the medium of the lakes and the Erie canal. This is the second or third shipment of lead from the west (the Blue Mound digging in this direction the present season, by the way of the Wisconsin and Fox rivers.

Anthracite.—The anthracite furnace, says the Pottsville Journal, is doing better than ever. The runs on Thursday evening and Friday morning, were near nine tons together. They are using raw ore, and the last tappings the pig beds have been completely filled. If the ore had been previously roasted, the yield of course would increase in proportion, and less than a ton and a half of coal would produce a ton of metal.

Stabbing.—A quarrel occurred in Cincinnati on the 1st inst. between a man named Nichol and another named Augustus Smith, when the former drew a knife and stabbed Smith to the heart, occasioning his death in a few minutes.

An Invention.—Mr. Penfield, of Hartford, Conn. has lately invented a machine which he calls an "Elevator," the object of which is to supercede the necessity of ladders in certain cases at fires.

Canada.—It is said in the Canada papers that Sir George Arthur will dissolve the Provincial Parliament, and bring the great political question that agitates the Province to the test of a new election. This will be likely to have the effect of transferring the scene of strife from the Province at large to the floor of the House of Assembly.

Humbug.—A story is afloat about St. Louis, Cincinnati, and the region there away, to the effect that, while a steamboat lay by somewhere on the Missouri river one of the hands refused to enter the boilers, for the purpose of cleaning them, on the ground that they were too hot; that he was then beaten and compelled to go in, and was taken out in a few minutes, literally baked to death. The names are withheld.—It is hardly credible.

Going it.—An instance of extraordinary speed on the Great Western Railway is recorded. The story goes that one of the drivers anxious to put to the test certain statements on the subject of atmospheric resistance, obtained permission of the engineer in chief to run an engine and tender at the highest possible speed through the whole length of the line, an engagement being entered into, that, in the event of any disastrous consequences ensuing to the adventurer, provision should be made for his widow and children; and that, a time having been chosen, when the line was quite clear from all traffic, the distance of twenty-eight miles was gone over *at the rate of more than a hundred miles an hour!*

Selfishness.—The practice reprobated in the following paragraph from the North American is not peculiar to Philadelphia.

Selfishness cannot be better exhibited than it is when two or three persons go into an assembly, concert, or lecture room, seat themselves near the outer end of one of the settees, leaving a good number of vacant seats beyond them, and stupidly block up all access to the vacant seats, although hundreds of persons are kept standing. A spirited man who would make a plunge for the inner seats in such a case, without being very particular as to what he should tread upon in his course, would do himself no discredit and would impress on the *understandings* of the selfish some useful lessons.

Custom Houses.—The new Custom House at New York, is estimated to cost three millions of dollars, and the one at Boston five hundred thousand dollars. The actual expenditures, however, it is said, will exceed these estimates.

Good.—There is but one man in jail at Nantucket, and he threatens to prosecute the town unless the building is made more comfortable.

The amount of tonnage of vessels on the 30th of September, as shown by the official returns, was 1,995,639.60 tons; being an increase, during the previous year, of 98,954 11 tons. In 1838, there were 898 vessels built in the United States, including every class. In the same period, there were 36 vessels sold to foreigners, and 135 lost at sea.

An Incendiary.—A mulatto girl, named Sarah Young, has been committed to prison, in Baltimore for setting fire to a house.

Low Water.—The Ohio at Wheeling was still very low at the last dates.

Curious Merchandise.—One day last week, a large cask was received by a house in Providence, from New York, marked in enormous capitals, "Apples." The clerks of the establishment were unusually anxious and impatient to fathom its contents, feeling certain, no doubt of enjoying "a delicious feast upon 'York pippins.'" The head was soon out, when lo! it was found to contain instead of apples, a young and beautiful female *corpse*, with long black hair, and in an entire state of nudity, with the exception of a fine white hose. The mystery has not yet been solved.

Burial Extra.—The Cheltenham Free Press, in deep indignation at the funeral of a suicide, says, "They buried her like a dog, *with all her clothes on.*"

Tea.—In consequence of the opium disturbances in Canton, it is expected that *tea* will very much advance in price. Prepare your stock of Hyson and Bohea, ladies, the gentlemen feel interested in your store of teas.

Colonization.—The Maryland Colonization Society is actively engaged in preparing a Fall expedition to Cape Palmas, which is expected to sail about the first week in December. The Agent reports the names of fifty-five emigrants as already engaged; and perhaps in no preceding year has the Society found so many who are emphatically *volunteers*.

Slave Question.—We understand that a black, one of the servants on board the Great Western, originally shipped here, and then discharged in England, and re-shipped there, has been claimed as a fugitive slave. As Captain Hosken shipped him in England, and is bound to return him there, he refuses to give him up without official instructions from the British Consul. There the matter now rests.

Cuba Law.—The law against carrying deadly weapons is very severe in the island of Cuba, and is enforced with great strictness. Some short time ago two American sailors went on shore at Havana, having about them the ordinary jack-knives worn by seamen, and were immediately arrested and sentenced to imprisonment and hard labor for six years. They are said to be still in confinement.

Ohio Wheat Crop.—There were 123,736 bushels of wheat, and 1196 barrels of flour, cleared from Massillon, Canton county, Ohio, during the month of October. And the Cleaveland Herald states that the wheat received at that place by way of the canal, from the 1st to the 23th October, amounted to 356,749 bushels.

Burnt to Death.—A colored man by the name of Johnson, was burnt to death a few days since, near Mauch Chunk. He was asleep in a boat at the time his clothes took fire, and being disabled by sickness, was unable to extricate himself from his perilous situation.

A Snow Storm.—The weather at Montreal was exceedingly cold all the week, and snow began to fall plentifully about 6 o'clock, Thursday morning, continuing till about ten, when it considerably abated.

Suspension of Navigation.—On Wednesday last, the Rochester merchants had a meeting, and agreed to suspend navigation, and lay up their boats on the 10th day of November.

Perjury.—A man named John Roberts has been be arrested at New York, on a charge of perjury.

The Ohio.—The river at Pittsburg was still rising on Saturday last. Two feet and a half water in the channel at that time. The small boats were already running.

A New Bridge.—A new bridge across the North Branch, at Northumberland, was opened for travelling a few days since, with suitable ceremonies.

Bakers and Flour.—A miller near Dayton, Ohio, has contracted to deliver 1000 barrels of flour at $3,52½. All kinds of provisions are coming down—our baker's loaves will soon be as big as —— a piece of chalk.

A Literary Banking Association.—A Library Company in Miamisburg, Ohio, has commenced issuing a paper under the title of Washington Bank. The court has allowed a "quo warranto," on it. Don't take it.

Important fact, if true.—A planter in Louisiana has discovered that where multicaulis trees grow, you find none of the coco grass so vexatious to the crops.

Curious Fact.—Major Sinnickson, near Salem, N. J. has an apple tree of "Early Lippincott," which has blossomed three times, and produced a second crop of excellent apples now just gathered. Not quite equal, however, in flavor to the first.

The Mobile Committee of Relief acknowledge the receipt of $13,566, from sundry persons and places.

Mutiny.—The ship Bombay arrived at New Orleans on the 28th ult. the captain of which states that on the 15th of October, he spoke the ship Superior, Captain Tucker, of New York from Liverpool for Mobile, who informed him that he had six of his men confined in the forecastle, for mutiny; and two others who were wounded, on deck—whether part of the mutineers or not, he did not state.

Yale College.—The whole number of students this year is 608—viz: Theological, 78; Law, 45; Medical, 45; Resident Graduates, 2; Seniors, 99; Juniors, 80; Sophomores, 123; Freshmen, 139. The two last classes are said to be the largest ever known in this institution, or perhaps any similar one in the country.

Excellent Advice.—Call on a business man in business hours, only on business; transact your business, and go about your business, in order to give him time to finish his business.

Another Southern Railroad.—We felt much pleasure in noticing in yesterday's Inquirer, the extraordinary success of the new Vicksburg and Jackson Railroad, which is completed to Edwards, 18 miles. To-day we are glad to learn from the Baton Rouge Gazette, that the Clinton and Fort Hudson Railroad was so far completed, that passengers and freight are transported to Jackson, and the branch to Clinton will soon be finished.

Women at a Premium.—The Congress of Texas have passed a law granting 2982 acres of good land to every woman who will marry, during the present year, a citizen of that republic, who was such at the time of the declaration of their independence.

Darkness at Quebec.—*Singular Phenomenon.*—The Quebec Canadian states that on the forenoon of the 18th October, a darkness settled upon that city, which rendered the use of candles necessary for several hours in the forenoon. The wind blew from the East, but the darkened clouds came from the West. The atmosphere was moist. The same phenomenon occurred on the 17th of October, 1834; and on the 14th of October, 1785.

Methodism.—The Methodist sect is increasing rapidly in the Western States. There has been an increase of 8700 in Indiana the last year.

Missions.—Missionary intelligence from Hawaii, Sandwich islands, represents the efforts of the Rev. Mr. Coan, in that mountainous region to have been eminently successful. During 1838, his congregation numbered 5000, and two boarding schools were in a flourishing condition.

Important to Farmers.—A farmer of Long Island writes that the half-bred Durham cattle are better suited to bear the extremes of heat and cold which they will be exposed to in this climate, than the pure Durham, as their skins are thicker, and their coats closer and longer than the pure breed. The milking qualities of the heifers bred in this way are almost beyond belief, some of them making forty and even fifty quarts a day of rich fine milk.

Shaking them off.—The worst bills that we hear of are those of the Maumee (Ohio,) Insurance Company, which are so bad that an individual at Cleveland proposes that if the physicians at Maumee will receive them for curing the fever and ague, he will make a trip up that way, and take a few *shakes*, in order to get rid of the notes.

New Enterprise.—A company is established at Cleveland, to embark in the valuable white fisheries on Lake Superior. They have despatched the schooner Algonquin, of 60 tons, which is to be carried *a half mile by land* around the Sault St. Marie, into the Lake. The trade has hitherto been monopolised by the American Fur and Hudson Bay Fur Companies.

Fever in Savannah.—There were eleven deaths by "*fever*" in Savannah during the week ending the 29th ult.

Dispatch.—A Capt. Low, who came passenger the other day in the Great Western, arrived in New York from St. Petersburgh in something less than 29 days. What an age is this in which we live!

New Orleans.—The abatement of the fever in New Orleans is bringing back the population in crowds. A paper of the 30th ult. says, that within the last sixty hours there had arrived 300 Americans, 600 Germans, 300 Irishmen, 300 slaves, besides seamen and steamboat hands.

Pensacola.—The New Orleans papers, of the 2d inst. state that sickness prevails at Pensacola to an alarming extent. The disease is of a malignant type, and is said to resemble somewhat in its symptoms, the yellow fever.

A Mahometan.—The New Haven Record states that one of the Africans of the Amistad has been discovered to be the son of a Mahometan priest, and is able to read a portion of an Arabic prayer.

Emigration.—The emigration into Canada seems to increase very rapidly. This season, to the 19th ult. there has arrived at Quebec 7357 emigrants against 3239 during the same period last year, shewing an increase this season of 4118.

Robbery.—On Sunday last, the trunk of Mr. Alexander King, a passenger from the West, in a Juniata boat, at Harrisburg, was broken open and robbed of specie amounting to $1000. Two men belonging to the boat were arrested and lodged in jail.

Exporting.—The Value of Goods exported from Great Britain to this country in 1838 is estimated at ninety millions of dollars, and the goods received from this country in return, during the same period, are valued at sixty millions. Balance against this country, thirty millions, which had to be paid in specie.

A Loss.—The Vicksburg Sentinel states that on the night of the 22d ult. Osman Claiborne lost, by an accidental fire, his whole cotton crop, and about 3000 bushels of corn.

Important Census.—The total number of the canine race in the United States, is computed at two millions.

From Vera Cruz.—The bark Ann Eliza, Captain Briscoe, from Vera Cruz, has arrived at New York, bringing $100,000 in specie. Capt. B. states that the French brig Naiade had received on board the last instalment of the $600,000 agreed to be paid to France by the Mexican Government. The conducta which brought the above amount to Vera Cruz not having arrived the day previous to that appointed for payment, the French Consul threatened to protest the following day. The commercial houses at Vera Cruz subscribed the amount immediately, until the conducta should arrive.

No news from the Capital. The Republic was in a state of tranquility. The Federalists having been completely put down, the Central Government was more firmly established than ever.—The Congress were proceeding to reform the Constitution, agreeably to the expressed wish of the Ex-President Santa Anna.

Cross Cut Canal.—The Pittsburg Gazette, in referring to the Cross Cut Canal, says:—"Yesterday we met the Secretary of the Board of Directors, Mr. Leicester King, who informed us that he had, within a few days, passed along the whole line of this canal, and assured us that if they should have three weeks more of good weather, they would start a boat load of flour from Akron, on the Ohio canal, and send it by the Cross Cut through to Pittsburg. The whole work will not, in that time, be completed, but it will be so far advanced as to permit the passage of a boat through its whole length. We may, therefore, with the fullest confidence, calculate that we will next spring have a direct water communication between our city and Lake Erie. This consummation will form a new era in the annals of our city; one that has long been anxiously looked for, and which must open a large field to our mechanics and manufacturers."

West Florida Rail Road.—The St. Joseph Times announces the completion of the Railroad from that place to Iola. The cars had commenced running. In a few days the road was to be opened permanently. From the same paper, we learn that Captain Guion, of the U. S. Army, was about commencing the survey of the Iola and Tallahassee Railroad. A sufficient guard had been provided and every facility afforded.

Georgia Rail Road.—Eighty miles of the Georgia Central Railroad is completed, and the work is making such progress, that by the 1st of January, 100 miles will be in a condition to be travelled. The road will reach from a point near the centre of the state to a point on the sea coast at or near Savannah. By its means, the products of the interior of Georgia will find a cheap and ready access to a market.

The Louisville Journal speaking of the Ohio river, says it does not run fast, but *shows a good deal of bottom*.

The Post Office, at Harrodsburg, (Ky.) with four other buildings, was destroyed by fire on the 1st inst.

Reprieve.—We understand that Nelson, who was sentenced to be hung on Friday last, for the murder of Gabriel, has been reprieved by the Governor of North Carolina, until the second Friday in January next.

The Fever South.—We have Mobile dates to the 4th. The Chronicle of that date says,—"The cases of yellow fever are more unfrequent, notwithstanding the return of many of our citizens, who have been absent during the summer, which we think authorises us to announce a continued improvement in the general state of the health. Early in last week, however, several cases of a very malignant type occurred among our oldest citizens, which produced considerable alarm. But during the past four days we have heard of but few cases, and we are induced to believe there is but little sickness in the city."

Agricultural Fairs.—It is gratifying to perceive a reviving attention to country fairs, corresponding to the higher rank agriculture is assuming in our country. Though too much neglected in the Atlantic States, where they commenced, they are not so in the West, especially in Kentucky, Ohio, &c. In the latter State, at the recent fair in Geauga county, premiums in money were awarded for the best cattle, sheep, hogs, horses, &c. and for domestic manufactured products, among them raw Silk, also an entire dress, manufactured and worn by Mrs. E. D. Howe. The first fair, also in Cuyahoga county was lately held at Cleveland, and went off finely; the ladies contributing.

Texas.—The Houston Telegraph, of Oct. 16th, gives the following account of an onslaught upon a party of settlers by the Indians:

"About the first of this month, a party of thirteen men, one woman, and two children, started from a settlement, about ten miles below the city of Austin, for the purpose of making a permanent location on the San Gabriel river, about sixty miles above Austin. After having travelled about twenty miles above the "new city," the whole party were attacked by a body of Indians, and the whole thirteen men killed on the spot. The woman and her two children were not found. The attack was made in an open prairie. It appears that the Indians surrounded and charged upon the party, who fought manfully to the last. The names of the individuals killed are, two Reeses, of Brazoria; John Webster, John Stillwell, Wilson Flesher, of Virginia; Martin Watson, Scotland; Bazley, Nicholas Boyler, Milton Hicks, of Kentucky, Wm Rice, of Virginia; Albert Sillsbey, of Kentucky, James Morthon, of Texas; Leusher, a musician and a negro man.

The Number of Prisoners confined in the Georgia penitentiary, at the present time, is 160.

The Deaths in New York, last week, were 123; males 71, females 52.

The Amende Honorable.—The Boston Post, desirous of doing justice to a Mr. Dow, who, it appears, had taken offence at some of its remarks, observes: "It is but justice to say that Mr. D. is a trader of unimpeachable integrity, and from our own knowledge we can affirm that he furnishes *as good beer as ever moistened a man's throat*."

New Packet.—Another new packet ship, the last of the season, will be launched in a few days, on the East River, N. Y. She is of one thousand tons burthen, and will be named the "Stephen Whitney," in honor of one of the wealthiest merchants in N. Y. Captain Thompson, formerly of the St. Andrew, will command her, and she will run in connexion with the Virginia, United States and Sheffield, of Mr. Kermit's line.

A Brilliant Meteor.—The West Chester Record says, that on Wednesday night week, the soft and beamy atmosphere was illuminated for an instant, by a meteor off to the south-east. It darted though the air a short distance, and then exploded, producing a noon day brightness, like a flash of gunpowder. After the explosion, the light extended like a flake of fire, for near a minute, in the firmament, resembling a dragon—which gradually became suffused and mingled into a soft glare, and disappeared. The explosion was quick as the lightning's flash, but had none of its terrific vividness; it was soft and bland. Superstition might consider such a brilliant display of celestial glory, as an omen denoting dire calamities to the nation and people.

Political Intelligence.

The Legislature of Rhode Island has adjourned after passing a law for the protection of the banks from the penalties of suspension by prohibiting the recovery of costs in suits before justices, and allowing the same plaintiffs to recover costs in but one suit at any term of any court. This provision is to continue in force until the first of February next.

A Special Election in the Congressional district, in this State, lately represented by Mr. Potter, will take place on the 20th inst. to supply the place occasioned by his death.

The Special Election in Missouri.—The Whig candidate for Congress, has a majority of 412 votes in St. Louis county.

Gov. of Virginia.—The Globe urges Mr. Ritchie, of the Richmond Enquirer, as a candidate for Governor of Virginia.

Meeting of the Legislature.—The Legislature of this State will assemble the 7th of January.

An Election in Missouri.—Mr. Grimsley, Whig candidate for Congress, in place of Mr. Harrison deceased, received in St. Louis, the only place from which returns are received, 928, and the Administration candidate 572.

A Veto.—Gov. Jennison of Vermont, has very properly the other day returned a Bill to the House, granting a *perpetual* corporation, and very modestly also exempting $16,000 of the said company from tax, now and forever. The House sustained him.

New York Election.—It appears from the New York returns, that the Whig party will have a majority in both branches of the State Legislature. The Whig majority on joint ballot will be about fourteen. In the counties out of the city, the Whigs have, with the exception of one member, the same number in the Assembly as last year, and a gain of *five* more Senators.

Massachusetts Election.—From the Boston papers of Tuesday evening, we learn that the Whigs, have come near losing the state.

In the city, the vote was, for Everett, W. 4919—for Morton, D. 3625. Last year, it was 5208 against 2921. The entire Whig ticket for Senators and Representatives is elected. Mr. Lawrence is sent to Congress by a majority of about 1400.

170 towns are heard from, and Morton leads Everett by 207 votes. The remaining counties stood thus last year: Everett, 13,620—Morton, 10,435.

Naval and Military Affairs.

British Sailors.—Great Britain continues to augment her naval force. Two eight gun line-of-battle ships are to be commenced at Chatham—the *Mars* and the *Majestic*. Considerable difficulty is experienced in the enlistment of seamen. We observe in a London paper some grievous complaints against the United States for employing British sailors on board American ships.

Naval Death.—The southern papers announce the death of William A. Slacum, Esq. a Purser in the Navy.

Accident.—During the firing, on Saturday last week, by the United States troops, at Buffalo, a soldier, whose name we did not learn, from Roylaton, Niagara county, was accidentally shot in the right arm, shattering it so severely as to require immediate amputation. He is doing well.

Marine Corps.—Brevet Lieut. Col. C. R. Broom was lately tried by a Court Martial, at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, (N. Y.) upon a charge and specifications preferred by his commanding officer, and found guilty. The Court sentenced him to be suspended from duty for three years, to be mulcted in half his pay, and not to be allowed to wear any part of the uniform of the Marine Corps during the period of his suspension. The sentence was approved on the 25th October.

Honorable Acquittal.—The Navy Court Martial, at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, New York, after mature deliberation, have honorably acquitted Lieut. A. C. Maury, of the charges preferred against him by Commodore Page.

Financial Record.

THE ACCEPTANCES.

The following paper which has appeared in print since our last, is important, as it tends to set at rest, any doubts as to the credit of the United States Bank with the Rothschilds. It is said that the bank has placed in France more than a million of francs over and above their suspended liabilities.

Paris, 23d Sept. 1839.

To the President of the Bank of the United States, Philadelphia.

Mr. President:

We have the honor to inform you that we have arranged with Mr. Jaudon to accept for your account the amount of 5,500,000 francs, your drafts on the Messrs. Hottinguers, which remained in suspense.—We take it for granted that Mr. Jaudon will have informed you of the arrangements entered into by us with him for this purpose and consequently consider it unnecessary to recapitulate them here, limiting ourselves to furnishing you, on the other side, a memorandum of such of your drafts as have been left in our hand to-day to be clothed with our acceptance.

We are happy, Mr. President, to have found an opportunity to give you a proof of our high consideration for the establishment over which you preside, and to have been able, at the same time to arrest the disastrous effects which this refusal of acceptance on the part of Messrs. Hottinguers was beginning to produce in our place, as well as in Lyons, by many holders of your bills, who, pressed by their necessities to an immediate realisation of their funds, were offering to part with these securities at a loss over the discount.

We shall correspond with Mr. Jaudon in every thing concerning our acceptances on your account, in conformity to his request made to us, so that we shall not be obliged to trouble you with details relative to this operation, except in case of new instructions on your part.

We present to you, Mr. President, assurances of our most distinguished consideration.

(Signed.) DE ROTHSCHILD, freres.
A. DE ROTHSCHILD.

No Shinplasters.—The Delaware Gazette contradicts the statement that the Council of Wilmington had authorised an emission of fifty thousand dollars in notes under one dollar.

Keep it Moving.—About $70,000 of specie has arrived at St. Louis, Mo. from the Land Office at Springfield, Illinois. We like to see the *precious* metal stirring.

Specie.—Specie is coming into New York in large quantities. The ship Chester arrived on Thursday, from New Orleans, with $50,000.—The Nashville arrived on Friday, with another quantity.

Another Specie Circular.—According to the St. Louis Republican, nothing but gold and silver is to be received hereafter at the Land Offices in Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin. Such, says that paper, are understood to have been the instructions sent out to those receivers, who have heretofore been in the habit of depositing their funds in the State Banks of Missouri. The same paper, which is dated the 28th ult. mentions that Land Office money is now commanding a premium in Burlington, Iowa, of 10 and 12½ per cent. over Kentucky, Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana paper.

Two-Third Act.—The New York Supreme Court, at Albany, has decided that the General Banking Law of that State is a two-third act, and that the associations it creates are corporations.

Real Estate Banks.—It has been decided in the Circuit Court of Alabama, at a late term held in Bibb county, that the Real Estate Banks, and other unchartered banking associations, that sprung up so abundantly in that State a year or or two ago, cannot lawfully maintain suit on the notes and bills which they have discounted or purchased.

New Counterfeits.—$3s, Bank of Geneva, letter D. payable to R. Troup, No. 437; dated July 4th; 1838—C. A. Cook, Cashier—E. Olcott, President. Badly executed in every particular. E. Olcott has never been President of this Institution.

5s, Bank of Ithica, dated 18th March, 1830, letter N. No. 12,083—D. J. Shaw—signed A. F. St. John Luther Gree instead of Gere, President.

5s, spurious, Marine Bank, Baltimore. Letter A. dated March 5, 1839, signed Phil. Litting, Jr. Cashier, J. Bier, President. Vignette, steamboat, ship and sloop. On the right hand, medallion, head of Franklin; on the left hand, denomination (5) at top and bottom of bill.

Beware of $3s, Yates Co. Bank. The bill is much shorter than the genuine—signed Cohen Percy, Cashier—Nathan Dixon, President; letter I. Oct. 7, 1838—No. 1730. Vignette, ox. Franklin and Washington on each margin. Engraving light, and totally unlike the genuine.—*Sylvester's Reporter*.

Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

What's in a Name?—Among the list of prisoners for trial at the last Middlesex and Westminster sessions, were Liberty and his wife for disorderly conduct; Martin Luther, for a riot; Mary Music, for being drunk and creating a disturbance; "sweet" Anne Page, for threatening to murder Jane Shore; and a fellow who calls himself Dickey Celestina, for an assault.

Danish Manufactures.—Denmark at present possesses 23 manufactories, whose motive power is steam. The united power of the engines is 350 horse; ten of these, 114 horse-power, are of Danish manufacture!

A Young Beauty.—A Paris letter writer states that the Grand Duke of Russia, the future Czar, has selected as his bride the daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt. She is only 15, and is the only marriageable princess not on his list. He saw her apparently unnoticed by all, in a corner of her father's drawing room—inquired who she was—went up and spoke with her—was captivated with her beauty and simplicity—sent off a courier to his father at once—obtained leave to woo and wed—and Mary of Darmstadt will be Empress of Russia!

Alciphron.—The English papers say, the greatest novelty forthcoming is "Alciphron," a new poem by Thomas Moore. It is to appear early in November, in the same volume with a new edition of the Epicurean, illustrated by Turner. It is in fact the "Epicurean" in a poetic dress. We shall furnish an extract as soon as practicable.

Capt. Marryat.—The London Dispatch states that Capt. Marryat lately had a quarrel with an American gentleman, and that a duel would be the consequence.

Nicholas Nickleby.—It is said that "Nicholas Nickleby" has given to the publishers and the author, a profit of £800 per month.

INDIAN NEWS.

FLORIDA WAR.

The season for active operations having returned, and the public mind, in the army as well as out of it, being somewhat agitated by the contradictory nature of the reports in circulation, we have made inquiry that we might inform our readers what measures are contemplated in the approaching campaign.

Gen. Taylor, by the zealous and intelligent discharge of his duties, having given satisfaction to the department, will continue in command.

The troops now in Florida are the third regiment of artillery, a portion of the second dragoons, the first, second, sixth and seventh regiments of infantry. The third artillery having been much reduced will be sent to the North and be relieved by the first artillery, which has been recruited and is now full. The companies of the second dragoons that arrived at New York in the spring, being now full also, will return to Florida; and the regiments of infantry now there will remain.

It is intended to drive the enemy out of the settlements, by occupying the country within and north of a line drawn from Pilatka to the mouth of the Withlacoochee, including Fort King, thence along the western coast, to the Appalachicola; and by maintaining posts as low down as the mouth of the Withlacoochee. The inhabitants will be armed, and the defence of their firesides and neighborhoods confided to them, with such assistance from the regulars as occasion may call for. The posts on the Atlantic coast and at Tampa Bay will be continued, with such others as the commanding general may find expedient.

Experience having mournfully proved the impracticability of forcing the Indians from their swamps and hammocks, so familiar to them but inaccessible to us, no farther attempts will at present be made; leaving to time and the gradual spread of the settlements the accomplishment of an object unattainable by arms.

It is believed that some additional small vessels will be built or purchased, and sent to the coast of Florida, to prevent depredations by the Indians upon wrecked vessels and their crews.

The approaching campaign then will partake more of a defensive than offensive character, as it will be confined to driving the Indians from the settled portions of Florida, where they have committed depredations almost without check. It having been found impossible to force the Indians from their fastnesses, any farther attempt to effect that object would only be attended with a needless sacrifice of life and money.—*Army and Navy Chronicle.*

The Seminoles.—Doctor M. Miller and a party of five men were attacked, about the 20th ult. by twelve or fifteen Indians at the six mile hammock, on the St. Augustine road, between Charles' Ferry and Fort White. There was much running but very little fighting.

Cherokee Affairs.—The St. Louis Bulletin of the 31st ult. mentions that Gen. Arbuckle has made a request of Gov. Boggs, for a portion of the militia of that State, to be held in readiness, should he find it necessary to call them out, in carrying into effect the orders of the War Department, to secure the murderers of Ridge and Boudinot, (Cherokee leaders.) The Governor has issued orders to Major General Yancey, of the 7th, and Major Gen. Lucas, of the 4th division, to respond to the call of Gen. Arbuckle, whenever he may make it, with a regiment from each of their divisions, with the proper number of officers (only) attached thereto.

REVIEW OF THE MARKET, FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 13, 1839.

Remarks—The operations of the week have been limited, business being generally very dull.

Bark—Further sales of Quercitron have been made at $46, at which price however the demand is limited, though the stock is light in first hands. We hear of no sales of any consequence in other kinds.

Coffee—The market has been quiet during the past week, and operations limited. We note sales of 140 bags Havana at 10½ a 11c; 300 do. St. Jago 10 a 11; 170 do. Rio at 11¾ a 12¾.

Flour—The market has been steady during the past week, with moderate sales at $6, for cash. The stock continues light. Sales of Rye Flour at $4.25.

Fruit—Sales by auction of 700 boxes bunch raisins at $1,37½ a $1,50—220 hf do 75 a 77½c; 1000 qr 44 a 45c; 200 boxes blooms 1,90; 400 half do. 65 a 67c; 120 boxes Muscatel 1,05 a 1,10; 200 do. clusters 90 a 92½c.

Grain—We hear of no sales of Southern Wheat, which is held nominally at $1,20. Sales on the Schuylkill Canal at 1,15a1,18. Sales of Southern Rye at 70c. Oats have declined; sales at 33a33½c. Corn has declined from 3 to 5c; sales old yellow at 70 and of new at 55; of old white at 60a64c. Flaxseed at $1,16.

Hides—Sales of 5000 Pernambuco at 11a12c.

Molasses—The market continues very bare in first hands. We note a small sale of Trinidad by auction at 28a30c. cash.

Provisions continue without any change in prices. Small sales of Mess Pork at $16a17, as by quality, and of Prime at $11½. The stock of Mess Pork is very much reduced. Bacon is very dull, without any change in prices.

Sugar.—There has been but a moderate business in Sugars this week. The sales were a lot of Cumberland Harbors at 7½; 100 hhds Porto Rico 7½a8½; 30 do. 7a8½; 79 boxes St. Jago whites at 10a10½; 29 do. Havana whites at 11½; a small lot of Matanzas at 7c.

Tobacco—The stock in this market has been very much reduced. We hear of sales of inferior to middling this week at 7a11½c.

CATTLE MARKET.

Beeves.—The arrivals at John's Yard, for the week, were 566 head—75 of which were in on Monday, and 491 yesterday. The sales were dull, at a reduction of 50 cts. per cwt. since our last report. The stock was nearly all from Chester and Delaware counties—no western cattle in. We quote sales of prime at $8; good, $7,50; common, $7.

Cows and Calves.—The arrivals for the week at Thompson's Yard were 180 head, the sales of which were dull at from $23 to $33. About thirty head were left unsold.

Hogs.—At Thompson's Yard, 450 head, and at John's, 80 head, all sold at from $7,50 to 8.

Sheep.—The market has been well supplied for the week, at prices ranging from $1,75 to $3,50.

HAY AND STRAW MARKET.

Hay.—Timothy sold readily at $1,00a 95 cents per 112 lbs.—other sorts in proportion.

Straw.—Rye at former prices.—*North. Amer.*

Baltimore Market.—Four hundred head of beef cattle were sold last week, in Baltimore, at prices ranging from $6,50 to $8. Live hogs sold at $7 to 7,25 per cwt. Howard street flour, on Monday, was sold from $6,25 to 6,50, since which a decline has taken place; 200 bbls. sold on Thursday, at $6,25, and City Mills at $5,12.

Sudden Death.—We see noticed the death of Aaron B. Stimson, Pilot of the steamer Houma, while on his passage from Red River to New Orleans. He was standing at the wheel (and to all appearance enjoying excellent health) discharging his duty, when he suddenly fell upon the deck and expired. He was formerly of New York.

SALES OF STOCKS.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

			price and for.	par
1320	shares	United States Bank,	79a84½	100
17	do.	Mechanics Bank,	35½a36	35
960	do.	Girard Bank,	33½a40	50
110	do.	Schuylkill Bank,	32a35	50
21	do.	Far. & Mechanics Bank,	56½a56¾	50
5	do.	Man. & Mec. Bank,	46	50
13	do.	Commercial Bank,	56	50
16	do.	Planters Bank, Tenn.	73	100
414	do.	Kentucky Bank,	71a74½	100
10	do.	Northern Bank, Ky.	80a81	100
415	do.	Com. & R. R. do. Vicks.	24a29	100
66	do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	70a76	100
15	do.	Com. Bank Cincinnati,	90	100
37	do.	Louisville Bank,	82	100
139	do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. RR.	44½a45½	50
11	do.	Phil. & Trenton R. R.	102	100
61	do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.	110a111	100
3	do.	Reading RR.	30¼	50
1	do.	Philada. Museum,	50	100
85	do.	Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co (old)	55½a55¾	50
50	do.	Lehigh Coal, do. (new)	23	25
33	do.	Girard Trust,	22	50
26	do.	Schuylkill Nav. Co.	99½a100	50
9	do.	Chesapeake & Del. Canal,	22a25	50

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Nov. 8, received from		*Nov. 12, received from*	
P. Keller, Esq.	$2 00	D. Cathcart, Esq.	2 00
J. Arrowsmith,	5 00	J. Landis,	2 00
D. P. Rhodes, Esq.	2 00	B. B. Jones, Esq.	1 00
Wm. Minnick, Esq.	2 00	E. Daily, Esq.	2 00
Nov. 9.		S. Hall, Esq.	5 00
J. Gilbreath,	5 00	*Nov. 13.*	
A. Robinson, Esq.	10 00	G. W. Smith,	6 00
J. Cooper, Esq.	2 00	A. Lacow,	5 00
W. A. Sackett, Esq.	2 00	A. Y. Whiteley,	2 00
R. Northington, agt.	5 00	H. C. Jewell, Esq.	2 00
Nov. 11.		A. Paterson,	2 00
J. M. Master,	2 00	W. A. Sheldon,	7 00
S. Stacker, Esq.	8 00	*Nov. 14.*	
J. W. Hadden, Esq.	20 00	J. R. Wheldin,	30 00
E. Laughead, Esq.	2 00	W. R. Craig,	2 00
R. W. Gary, Esq.	1 00	Jacob Keiser,	5 00

Athenian Institute Lectures—Saloon of the Musical Fund—Joseph R. Ingersoll, Esq. will lecture before the Athenian Institute, on Tuesday evening, November 19, at 7 o'clock, on "The Men and Manners of the Middle Ages."

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.

Mrs. Watson very respectfully announces that her Grand Concert will take place this evening, November 16 h, at eight o'clock, in the Grand Saloon of the Philadelphia Museum; she will be assisted by her sister, Miss C. Wells, by Mr. Heat, Mr. Coleman, Mr. Quayle, and by Mr. Watson.

For Programme see small bills.

On Monday evening Mr. Henry Russell's Grand Concert.

MRS. WATSON respectfully announces that her Grand BENEFIT CONCERT will take place on TUESDAY EVENING, November 19th, when will be presented a rich and varied programme, by the following great combination of Talent. Mrs. Watson and Miss Clarence Wells, the last night of their engagement with new Songs, &c. THE MINSTRELS OF THE RHINE, Mad. Thrun, Madamoiselle Kerwig, M. Thrun, M. Stephani, positively their last appearance previous to their departure for the South—Mr Hurt, Mr. Quayle, Mr. Rutherford, Mr. Coleman on the Accordian,—the celebrated professor of the Trumpet, Mr. Norton, will for this night only perform a grand introduction and brilliant variations on the Cornet a Piston, and accompany Mrs. Watson in the celebrated Song—"Let the Bright Seraphims."

TICKETS FIFTY CENTS, or (if purchased previous to the evening,) five for Two Dollars.

Concert to commence at half-past 7 o'clock, precisely.

JOB PRINTING

Of every description, such as Cards, Tickets, Circulars, Labels, Blanks, Hand Bills, Posting Bills, &c. &c. executed with neatness and despatch, at the

Office of Saturday Evening Post,

No. 36 Carter's Alley,

Opposite the Girard Bank—3 doors below 3d st.

☞ Visiting, Professional, and Business Cards, executed in a style equal to an engraved plate, at one-fourth the cost.

PHILADELPHIA ICE COMPANY.

FOR SALE, one Share in the Philadelphia Ice Company—apply at this office.

Also, for sale as above, a set of Fire Proof Doors.

ALMANAC.

November, 1839.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	High water.	Moon's phases.
16 Saturday,	7 6	4 54	9 51	
17 Sunday,	7 7	4 53	10 44	
18 Monday,	7 8	4 52	11 37	D. H. M.
19 Tuesday,	7 9	4 51	0 17	
20 Wednesday,	7 10	4 50	0 57	New 6 3 11
21 Thursday,	7 11	4 49	1 59	First 14 4 18
22 Friday,	7 11	4 49	3 3	Full 21 9 19
23 Saturday,	7 12	4 48	4 11	Last 27 3 8

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives ab't 2 P.M.	Eastern closes at 4 P.M.
New York at 8 A.M. and 2 P.M.	New York at 5 A.M. and 4 and at 9 P.M.
Southern, 5 P.M.	Southern closes at 5 A.M.
Western, 8½ A.M. & 5½ P.M.	Western at 5 A.M. 5½ P.M.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Published every Saturday, by

DU SOLLE & GRAHAM,

No. 36 Carter's Alley,

Third door below Third street, near the Girard Bank

TERMS—$3 00, if not paid during the year.
$2 00, if paid in advance.
$1 25, for six months.

Payable in Philadelphia without discount or charges. Papers discontinued only at the option of the publishers while arrearages are due.

☞ Mr. Pierce, our Travelling Agent for Pennsylvania and New Jersey, informs the citizens of the latter State, that he will shortly pay them a visit. We hope his reception will be courteous, and we advise subscribers to be provided with change.

Jos. Boyer, Esq. Post Master at Portland, Michigan, will act as agent for the Post at Jonier county, Michigan.

☞ Information wanted of H. F. Hughes of Three Rivers Canada, due to this office two years and eleven months.

☞ Z. W. Woods, of Richmond, Ky. is no longer agent for the Saturday Evening Post.

MARRIAGES.

On Thursday, 7th inst. by the Rev. John G. Herman, Mr. James A. Rice, to Miss Josephine, daughter of Mr. Joseph Leibert, all of Bethlehem, Pa.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Janeway, George G. Thomas, to Anna Gray, daughter of the late Thos. Leiper, of this city.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the evening of the 7th inst. Mr. James Alberton, to Miss Mary Wallace.

On Tuesday, 5th inst. by the Rev. James T. Johnson, Charles Haven Lard, of Portsmouth, N. H. to Susan Lowell, daughter of Wm. Fowle, Esq. of Alexandria.

In Bridgeton, N. J. on Tuesday, 5th inst. by the Rev. Samuel Beach Jones, Chas. Read, to Margaret K. Elmer.

In Bridgeton, N. J. on Tuesday, 5th inst. by the same, Mr. Simon Woodruff, to Miss Ruth Davis, all of Bridgeton, N. J.

In Bridgeton, N. J. on the 2d inst. by the Rev. S. Smith, Mr. Auly McWoad, of Cumberland, to Mrs. Priscilla Sheppard, of Salem.

On 10th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Brainard, Mr. Nathan Freeman, to Miss Anna M. youngest daughter of Bernard Herrings, all of this city.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the evening of the 10th inst. Mr. Patrick Regan, to Miss Ann Hamilton.

At Reading, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. William Pauli, Mr. Solomon Folk, to Mrs. Catharine Yost, both of Reading.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Huggins, Rev. Allen John, of the Philadelphia Annual Conference, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to Miss Mary Ann Bomberger, of Lancaster, Pa.

On Monday evening, 11th inst. by the Rev. Stephen A. Mealy, Samuel B. Fry, to Anna F. daughter of Jacob Peters, Esq.

At Columbus, Georgia, on the 31st ult. by the Rev. Dr. Graham, Mr. Chas. Roney, to Miss Julia T. Kennedy, formerly of this city.

DEATHS.

In Burlington, N. J. on the 5th inst. Emeline, wife of Ezekiel Allen.

On the 6th inst. of scarlet fever, in the 4th year of his age, Geo. Washington, son of Geo. and Rachel P. Snyder.

On the 7th inst. in the 26th year of his age, George Robertson, Printer.

On the 5th inst. of the intermittent fever, Esther Kindel, in the 50th year of her age.

In Baltimore, on the 6th inst. Samuel Keyser, aged 61, for many years a respectable merchant of that city, a native of Germantown, Pa.

At Allentown, Pa. on Monday evening, 4th inst. Mr. Matthew Selfridge, late of the firm of Selfridge & Wilson, of that place.

On the 9th inst. Thomas Peck, in the 46th year of his age.

At Indian Key, East Florida, on the 27th of Sept. after a few days illness, on board the U. S. Steamer Poinsett, Pass'd Midshipman Henry Waddell, U. S. N. in the 22 year of his age.

As we mention the death of this young officer, we cannot but bitterly regret, that one of such bright hopes—so gentle and affectionate in his manners—so brave—so warm hearted and generous—so attached to his profession, and of such high promise in it, should be thus early lost to his country and his friends.

At Swedesboro', N. J. on the 2d inst. Mr. John S. Miller, late of Cape Island, son of Jonas Miller, Esq. in the 20th year of his age.

In Huntingdon, on the 26th ult. after a short illness, Mary, wife of Wm. H. Law, Esq. of Norwich, Conn. in the 35th year of her age.

On the 9th inst. after a lingering illness, John B Ward, in the 39th year of his age.

In Reading, on Friday, 8th inst. Henry Rhein, in the 69th year of his age.

On Monday morning, 11th inst. in the 24th year of his age, Finch Bovell, Printer, formerly of the Island of Barbadoes.

On the 10th inst. Miss Louisa Crowley, of N. Orleans, in the 19th year of her age.

On Monday, 11th inst. Isaac Austin Hayes, in the 38th year of his age.

On the 9th inst. Mr. Joseph Jacobs, Sr. in the 75th year of his age.

On the 10th inst. after a lingering illness, Mrs. Bridget Hardy, in the 95th year of her age.

At St. Augustine, Nov. 1st, Purser W. A. Slocum, of the U. S. Navy, a native of Alexandria, D. C.

In Swanzey, Mass. on the 4th inst. of the brain fever, A. L. Balch, Pastor of the Universalist Societies, in Fall River and Swanzey, aged 38 years.

On Saturday last, at McKeansburg, the Hon. Daniel Yost, in the 81st year of his age. The deceased was one of the Associate Judges since the formation of Schuylkill county, a period of twenty-five years, until last fall, when he resigned.

On Sunday evening, 11th inst. Thos. Newton, only son of William and Mary Spering, in the 2d year of his age.

On Tuesday morning, 12th inst. Robert M. Humes, son of the late James Humes, in the 21st year of his age.

On Tuesday evening, 12th inst. Andrew, son of Andrew McCalla, in the 3d year of his age.

At Cape May, on Sunday morning, Nov. 10, Hon. Thos. H. Hughes, in the 73d year of his age.

On Wednesday afternoon, 13th inst. Geo. L. Eyre, aged 46 years.

Suddenly, on Wednesday, 13th inst. Mrs. Margaret Moffet, in the 64th year of her age.

Health Office, November 9, 1839.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington.

From the 2d to the 9th November.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Aneurism of Aorta,	1	0	Brought over,	19	18
Burns,	0	2	Fever, Intermittent,	0	1
Casualty,	1	0	——Scarlet,	0	7
Congestion of Brain,	0	1	Hernia,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	10	3	Inflammation of Bronchi,	1	1
Convulsions,	0	2	——Stomach,	2	0
Diarrhœa,	4	0	Inanition,	0	1
Dropsy in the Head	0	2	Mumps,	0	1
——in the Breast,	0	1	Old Age,	2	0
Disease of Brain,	0	1	Palsy,	2	1
——Heart,	1	0	Retention of Urine,	1	0
——Lungs,	0	1	Scrofula,	1	0
——Bowels,	0	1	Small Pox,	1	0
Dysentery,	1	1	Still Born,	0	5
Debility,	0	2	Tabes Mesenterica,	0	1
Enlargement of Heart,	1	0	Ulcer,	1	0
Fungus Hæmatodes,	0	1	Unknown,	3	0
Carried over,	19	18	Total, 70——	34	36

Of the above there were 8 from the alms house, 8 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Nov. 3,	44	50	46
4,	41	44	46
5,	41	45	48
6,	47	50	49
7,	41	48	45
8,	44	45	45
9,	40	46	44

UNITED STATES POST NOTES

OR Bank Stock taken at Par in exchange for a house and lot in the town of New Castle, the house was built in 1838, of brick, two stories high, 34 feet square, four rooms on a floor including garrets, 12 rooms, lot is 37 feet by 73 or more. 30 shares of Stock or Post Notes to the amount of $3000 will get this property on immediate application to J. D. BIRD, New Castle, Del.
nov. 9—3t*

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of Margaret Lancaster of the county of Philadelphia, deceased, are requested to make payment, and those having claims against the said estate, to present their accounts, duly authenticated, without delay to
HENRY HINKLE, Administrator,
nov 2—6t* No. 350 Callowhill street.

RONALDSON'S CEMETERY.

FOR SALE a lot, in a choice situation in Ronaldson's Cemetery if applied for soon. Apply at 36 Carter's Alley
nov 9—tf

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE.—Pursuant to the last will and testament of Col. John Harris, late of Willistown township, Chester county, deceased, will be sold at public sale, on the premises, on third day, the 10th of December next, the following valuable real estate:

No. 1. A farm of one hundred ACRES, be the same more or less, of excellent land, situate in the township of Willistown, aforesaid, (being the residence of said deceased,) in a good state of cultivation, tolerably well watered, under good fence, with a suitable proportion of WOODLAND, orchard, and meadow, adjoining lands of William Evans, Jeffrey Smedley, and others. The improvements are a good sized, comfortable two story STONE HOUSE, with a well of excellent water, and a pump at the door, a stone barn, a large stone wagon house, two stone spring houses, with out buildings.

This farm is handsomely located, seventeen miles from Philadelphia, and eight miles from West Chester, on a public road leading from Shugartown to the Leopard Inn, in an excellent neighborhood, convenient to mills, schools, and places of public worship; it is well calculated for a grain growing, grazing, or dairy farm, and surpassed by few in the county, for productiveness. Persons wishing to view previous to the day of sale, will please call on Edmund Gill, residing on the premises, or on either of the subscribers.

Sale to commence at two o'clock, P. M. on said day, when conditions will be made known by the Executors.

Also, Will be exposed at public sale, on the premises, on 5th day, the 12th day of December next, at two o'clock, P. M. FARM No. 2, containing about ninety-seven ACRES of good land, situate in the township of Pikeland, county of Chester, in a good state of cultivation, well watered, and divided into convenient fields, having a fair proportion of woodland, orchard, and meadow, adjoining lands late of Michael Stonnaker, John Mosse, and others. The improvements are a good, substantial, recently built, two story STONE DWELLING HOUSE, with two rooms on the first, and three on the second floor; a well of good water with a pump near the door; a large well finished stone Switzer barn and wagon house, a very neat tenant house, and spring house. Said farm is handsomely situated, a public road leading from West Chester to the Yellow Springs, runs through the premises; being about ten miles north of the former, and an half mile south of the latter place, and twenty-five from Philadelphia, in a good neighborhood, convenient to mills, schools, and places of public worship of different denominations.

Also, Will (on the same day as the last mentioned tract, and immediately preceding the same,) be sold at public sale, tract No. 3, containing eighteen ACRES and some perches of land, adjoining No. 2, together with a large stone grist mill erected thereon, in a good state of repair, having two run of stones, on a branch of the Pickering creek, commanding twenty-five feet head and fall, with a substantially built dam, furnishing a full supply of water for a good business the driest seasons, a comfortable stone dwelling house, stone smith's shop, stone spring house, one log and one frame stable. A part of this tract is under timber, some of it is arable and some meadow land.

Also, Will be exposed at public sale, on the same day, at farm No. 2, and immediately after the same, two lots of chesnut timbered land, on the Valley Hill, about two miles from said farm (No. 2,)—one of the said lots containing two acres, and the other three acres, of different periods of cutting. Persons wishing to view either the farm, the mill, or the chesnut lots, will please call on Thomas Harris, residing on No. 2, who will show the same, or on either of the subscribers, who will give such other information as may be requisite.

Attendance will be given and conditions made known, at the time of sales, respectively by
ISAIAH FAWKES, of Newtown, Del. co.
ELIJAH LEWIS, of Willistown, Chester co.
nov 16—3t Executors

FOR SALE, a small FARM, in Newtown, Delaware county, adjoining lands of Mary Thomas, Joseph Lukens, Levi Lewis and Thomas Thomas, one and a half miles north of Beaumont's Tavern, on the West Chester road, and on the road leading from the Paoli road to Levi Lewis's mill, containing about FIFTY-FIVE ACRES; six of which are valuable woodland, the remainder in a high state of cultivation, and has kept about sixteen head of cows and horses for several years past, a good orchard of the different kinds of fruit trees. The buildings consist of a good stone HOUSE, stone spring house, over an excellent spring, that has never been known to fail; barn, part stone and part frame, substantial, and in good order; stone smoke house, with cellar for holding roots; carriage house and other out buildings, all in good order. The above property is in a good neighborhood, convenient to the different places of public worship. Persons desirous of purchasing, are invited to call and view for themselves: or it will be exchanged for a larger farm somewhere in Delaware or Chester county.
ROBERT M. THOMAS.
11th mo. 5th, 1839. nov 16—3t*

LITTELL'S SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES AND ANNUALS—Consisting of the best parts of Blackwood's Metropolitan, New Monthly, United Service, Monthly, Dublin University, Johnstone's, Tait's, and other Magazines, and all the Annuals. It is the lighter part of the Museum of Foreign Literature.

CONTENTS OF THE NUMBER FOR OCTOBER—The Man on the Mast; Nash's Old English Mansions, Coast Blockade and Smuggling Anecdotes; St. Helena in 1839; London Exhibitions, Memoirs of Edward Costello; The Lion of the Coteries, Champaign in Spain. POETRY—Our Ain Auld Toun; The Death of Chatterton.

Published once a month for the Proprietor, by
E. LITTELL & Co.
279 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

TEETH—Having engaged an experienced Dentist to assist me in the manufacture of Porcelain Teeth, &c. we will warrant our work equal to any in this city—the duties of the office performed by myself.
ELLIS MIDDLETON, Dentist,
nov 16—3t* No. 165 North 4th St. above Callowhill.

TO TAILORS.

MAHAN'S Reports of the London and Philadelphia Fashions are published semi annually, about the 1st of April and 1st October of each year. It is the largest work of the kind published in the United States; is got up with great precision and neatness and is fast superceding all the other works of the kind. We give extracts from two letters of those who have used it; we have hundreds of the same tenor on file, which may be seen by calling at my office.

Halifax, Va. September 21st, 1839.

Dear Sir—I have information of a rupture between yourself and Allen Ward. I am sorry to see that Mr. Ward has thus insidiously pirated and published your drafts for the Fall of 1838 and Spring of 1839. I am well acquainted with Mr Ward's System, and I do not think he had any right to complain of your System being an infringement on his—from this he appears to be guilty of that which I did not think him capable. I have been a cutter for eight years, and have used all the most popular Systems of the present age, and can say that yours is greatly superior to Mr. Ward's, or any other I ever tried. In fact, I think it is as near perfection as it is possible to arrive in the art of Garment Cutting. Yours, &c.
WM. L. BACKNER.

Princeton, Gibson Co. Ia. May 5th, 1839.

Dear Sir—Having practised your improved method of the Protractor System of Garment Cutting for some time past, and having tested its merits I feel in duty bound to inform you that I give it the preference to any thing of the kind that I have tried; I have been carrying on the business for the last twenty years, and have tried all of the most popular Rules or Systems, that have, from time to time, been laid before the public, but I must say that yours is the best, combining ease, with taste and gracefulness. I am at this time Agent for Mr. Ward, and have always thought that the Protractor System should have the preference, owing to the accuracy of the delineations and simplicity of drafting. I have since I became his Agent had several applications for the Protractor System, but I have generally found that the applicant would prefer Mahan's instead of Ward's System, which rather astonished me, thinking they were all the same thing; at length I was prevailed upon to try yours by one of your subscribers, and I must confess I was equally astonished when I found the difference. I have now come to the conclusion that if it meets with your views, I will take the Agency for your work, and resign that of Mr Ward.
Respectfully, yours,
CHRISTOPHER GORDON.

F. MAHAN.

TERMS, &c.—Instructions in the art of Garment Cutting by the publisher, or through an agent, will be imparted; and the subscriber will be supplied with a set of the work, including Scales, Protractor, Drafts, with instructions for journeymen in making up, &c. at Ten Dollars for the first, and Five Dollars per annum, on all subsequent years, *payable in advance*. Persons already acquainted with the Protractor System, will be supplied with the work at Five Dollars per annum, in advance, from the commencement of their subscription.

The Plate of Fashions is put at the low price of $3 per annum, to those who subscribe to the Reports, non subscribers will be charged $4 per single plate.

Case and Plain Rulers (inventions of F. Mahan's) from $1,50 to $4 each.

Protractors of Holly, with metallic braces, from $3 to $4 each.

Scales on Bristol Board, varnished, $1 per set. Inch measures wholesale and retail.

N. B. *All letters must be post paid.*

Address F. MAHAN,
nov 2—3t No. 215 Chesnut Street, Philada. Pa.

PROGRESS OF TAILORING.

Extract from the Fall Report of Fashions.

THE advantages of the Protractor System and Proof Measures, as set forth in this work, are becoming more extensively known and appreciated by the influential and better informed part of the community of tailors, every where.

In addition to the numerous testimonial certificates, from individuals in favor of this work, over all others of the kind, we have recently been politely furnished with a letter of approval and recommendation, from the principal Master Tailors of the city of Baltimore, which we beg leave here to insert. It bespeaks the minds of honest candor, and of gentlemanly gratitude toward one of their fellow laborers, whose race, in the course of nature, is drawing to a close, but not without success in the good cause of aiding to raise the once degraded calling of a tailor, to its now scientific and respectable standing among the mechanic arts.

With sentiments of gratitude and high regard, we acknowledge the receipt of the following letter:

Baltimore, Md. October, 1839.

A Recommendation and approval by the master Tailors of the city of Baltimore, of the superiority of Ward's Protractor and Proof System in its present state of perfection, as taught us by Mr Basford, of the firm of A. & A. F. Ward, Basford & Co. of Philadelphia, whose qualifications as a practical Tailor, and Teacher of Garment Cutting, is worthy the patronage of the trade.

We have practically examined it, and find the above system to be the masterpiece of skilful minds, every measure is mathematically and reasonably calculated to find each point with certainty and precision, for all forms and positions of men, as exemplified and made plain by diagrams of each fashionable garment, and upon the score of economy, we believe that it is the cheapest and most correct report of the prevailing fashions, by reasons of the beneficial utility it embraces.

And we conclude by saying, that there remains not one iota of doubt in our minds, but that Allen Ward deserves the credit of the originality of the Protractor System, and ought not to be plundered of its emoluments; and also believe that he has done more toward the improvement of the trade than any other Reporter.

SIGNED,
W. FAIRCHILD,
MARTIN MATHERS & CO.
J. TITTLE & SON,
HUBBARD & BAKER,
ALEXANDER & LINDSEY,
H. RIGBY,
E. HARRINGTON,
G. D. CHABOT,
J. MERCHANT,
nov 9—tf WM. REA.

REAL ESTATE.

THE subscriber is authorised to purchase and sell Real Estate, Ground Rents, and other property for MORUS MULTICAULIS, at his Silk Agency, No. 300 Market street.
CHARLES CADWALLADER.
October 24, 1839. nov 9—tf

INFORMATION WANTED.

JOHN HILL, who lived sometime with Mr. John Crouch, and afterward was in the employ of Mr. Jeremiah Macmenomy, a Carpenter, in Orange street, in New York has not been heard of since he was on board the United States Cutter, MacLean, at New Bedford, Massachusetts, from whence, it is thought, he went to the United States Ship Pennsylvania, sometime in the year 1837 or 1838, as a carpenter, it is believed. Should this meet his eye, he is requested to lose no time in writing to the undersigned; or, if this fall under the notice of any one acquainted with aught of the said John Hill, since he leaving the U. S. Cutter, MacLean, they are begged to communicate it to me. R. Hill, care of Mrs. Tschudys, Midlington, E. S. Maryland.

☞ Editors in the United States will do an act of humanity by giving the above one insertion. nov 9—3t

THE CASKET

AND PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW VOLUME.

The unparalleled success which has attended The Casket since it came into the hands of the new proprietors, induces them to begin a volume WITH STILL FURTHER ATTRACTIONS on the first of January next. Its literary character, *which has called forth so many comments*, will undergo no change; as the Magazine will still continue under the control of the same editors. *Several new contributors, however, of high talent*, have been engaged, beside those who have already been enlisted in its favor. The Magazine will be enlarged and will contain a GREATER QUANTITY OF READING MATTER THAN ANY PERIODICAL PUBLISHED AT THE SAME PRICE IN THIS COUNTRY. The work will appear in *a new and beautiful type*, CAST EXPRESSLY FOR THE PURPOSE, and *will be printed on the finest paper*. It will also be ornamented with THE FINEST STEEL ENGRAVINGS, provided at a heavy expense, and executed from the choicest designs. To vary the style of these illustrations, the services of distinguished artists have been engaged to furnish at intervals MEZZOTINTS FOR THE ENSUING VOLUME.—The heads of several DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN WRITERS will appear in the course of the year. The publishers, determined to leave nothing undone to merit the patronage of a liberal public, have resolved, after much solicitation from many of their fair readers, to publish quarterly, as an extra, A CORRECT PLATE OF THE LATEST FASHIONS, HIGHLY COLORED, and executed in the first style of the art. This department will be under the control of a French gentleman, of much taste and experience; and will be found to EXCEL ANY THING EVER ATTEMPTED IN THIS LINE IN AMERICA. The extra in the present (November) number, may be considered a fair specimen of what these fashion plates will be. The music department, as heretofore, will be under the charge of Messrs. G. W. Hewitt & Co. and the fine pieces of COPY-RIGHT MUSIC which they have hitherto furnished are a sufficient guarantee for the future.

The flattering terms in which the Casket has been noticed by the journals in every section of the Union, establish beyond a doubt its claims to support generally.—*It will surpass any other work in the return it gives for the reader's money.*

TERMS—$3 PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE, OR TWO COPIES FOR FIVE DOLLARS.

All communications to be addressed, post paid, to
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO. Philada.

P. S. Editors publishing this Prospectus, will be entitled to a copy of the Casket during the volume. No exchange is solicited, unless when noticing the reception of the Magazine.

Cough, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, of Sixty Years Standing, Cured by

DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT!

Philadelphia, August 18th, 1839.

Mr. Atkinson—Dear Sir: A few weeks ago I noticed in your paper, an account of the surprising effects of JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE, in restoring a great number of passengers on board a Mississippi steamboat, to perfect health who were effected with Bowel Complaint. I was glad to see you notice it so kindly; you may rest assured it deserves the praise bestowed upon it. The benefit I have received from this medicine, more especially his EXPECTORANT, induces me to state my case to you, for the benefit of those who are afflicted in the same way. It has been my misfortune, sir, to labor under a cough and asthmatical oppression, for more than half a century. When a soldier in the American camp, in 1778, I, with many others, (owing to great exposure,) had a violent attack of disease of the Lungs, by which I was disabled from duty for a long time. Since that period, until recently, I have never been free from a violent Cough and difficulty of breathing. Year after year I have expectorated over a gill a day; often much more, and sometimes mixed with blood. For months together, night after night, I have had to sit or be bolstered up to obtain my breath. The weakness and debility caused by such constant expectoration, frequently brought me to a state bordering on death. It has been a matter of astonishment to my family and friends, that I am here to write this to you. I have had skilful physicians to attend me, and every thing done that was thought likely to give me relief, without any beneficial effect. Last winter I had another severe attack of Inflammation of the Lungs, which I fully expected would be the last. I then considered my case as past the aid of medicine, when I was persuaded to call on Doctor Jayne. With the assistance of Divine Providence, through him, I was once more raised from my bed, but the coughing and wheezing wearied me day and night. He advised me to use his Expectorant. I did so, with a strong hope that, as it had cured many of my acquaintances of various diseases of the Lungs, it might at least mitigate my sufferings. Need I say how gratified I felt? IT HAS EFFECTUALLY CURED ME. As soon as I commenced taking it, I found it reached my case, and I began to breathe with more freedom. My expectoration became more easy, and my cough entirely left me. I now feel as well as ever I did in my life, and am better than I have been for the last SIXTY YEARS. Last summer I spit a great deal of blood; now, thank God, I am perfectly cured. Now, Sir, after suffering so long, and finding at last such signal relief from Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, I feel anxious to inform my fellow citizens where relief may be had. If you think this worthy a place in your paper, you will oblige me by noticing it.

NICHOLAS HARRIS, Sen. No. 25 Lombard st.

Dr. Jayne's Office is No. 20 South Third Street, Philadelphia. oct 5—tf

NO APOLOGY FOR WIGS.

Attention! Bald Heads.

OF all the remedies ever devised for the restoration and preservation of the HAIR, nothing has been found equal to ALIBERT'S OLEAGINOUS HAIR TONIC.—It seldom fails to restore the hair to health and beauty. Many who were bald a few months ago, can now exhibit luxuriant heads of hair by the use of it.

Copy of a letter from Dr. S. S. Fitch.

Philadelphia, May 10, 1839.

Dr. Jayne.—Dear Sir—I feel that I can hardly say enough to you in favor of Alibert's Oleaginous Hair Tonic, prepared by you. My hair had been falling off about two years, and had become very thin, threatening speedy baldness, when I commenced using this remedy. In about one week it ceased to fall off.

I have used it now about three months, and have as full and thick a head of hair as I can possibly desire. I have recommended its use to a number of my friends, who all speak well of it. If faithfully employed, I have no doubt of its general success. I may add, that before using the Tonic, I had tried almost all the various articles employed for the hair, such as the Macassar Oil, all the different preparations of Bear's Oil, Vegetable Hair Oil, &c. &c. without experiencing much if any benefit.

Respectfully yours,
S. S. FITCH,
No. 172 Chesnut Street.

Copy of a letter from C. C. Park, Pastor of the Baptist Church at Haddonfield, N. J.

Haddonfield, N. J. February 19, 1839.

Dr. D. Jayne—Sir—I take pleasure in informing you that the bottle of Alibert's Hair Tonic which I obtained of you last October, has proved most satisfactory and successful. My hair had for a long time been exceedingly thin. But for two or three years past it had so fallen out, that my head became almost entirely bald.—I was under the necessity of concealing the baldness by combing the hair on the sides over it. But now, after using about half a bottle of the "Tonic," I have as luxuriant a growth of hair as I ever had. C. C. PARK.

The Rev. Leonard Fletcher, Pastor of the Baptist Church at Great Valley, Pa. who had been more or less bald for many years, used three bottles of the Hair Tonic, and has now a fine growth of new hair over all that part of his head where he was bald. writes—

"My hair is growing finely, I assure you."
L. FLETCHER.

West Chester, Pa. March 9, 1839.

Mr. Bond, one of the Compositors in the office of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, who had lost nearly all his hair from off the top of his head, has had it completely restored by the use of this Tonic. Two officers of the American Navy has good heads of hair restored to them by using five bottles each of this Hair Tonic, one of whom was over sixty years of age. Four gentlemen connected with the Public Press in Philadelphia, have also had their baldness removed by using this remedy.—The Rev. Mr. Parker, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Delaware County, Pa. who was completely bald over all the top of his head, and was also becoming considerably gray, has used only two bottles of this Tonic, and has not only a luxuriant growth of new hair upon his head, but all the gray hairs have disappeared, and their places have been supplied by healthy hair, of a natural color. Finally, nine cases of baldness out of every ten may positively be removed by a faithful application of this valuable remedy. There is therefore, now, NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, sole proprietor, No. 20 South Third Street, Philadelphia. Price $1 00 a bottle
nov 2—3m

PERMANENT CURE

OF A CASE OF PULMONARY CONSUMPTION BY DR. HIGBEE'S REMEDY.—A reference to the following testimonial from Miss Haviland, will show the effects of Dr. Higbee's extraordinary medicine in consumptive cases. By the last intelligence received from Miss Haviland, (only a few days since) we are informed that she continues entirely free from all symptoms of pulmonary disease, so that more *than four years* have elapsed since her recovery, without any return of the complaint. Her certificate, as it will be seen, bears the date of August 10, 1835.

New Hanover, Burlington Co. N. J.
Aug. 10th, 1835.

I do hereby certify, that I have been for many years afflicted with cough and pain in my breast, attended with expectoration of large quantities of blood and matter from my lungs, and I finally became so bad as to be confined to my bed. I had hectic fever, with night sweats, diarrhœa great emaciation, constant cough, and every one who saw me believed that I was in the last stage of consumption, and had no expectation that I would be any better. I was attended by Dr. H. H. Higbee, and through the medicine prepared and presented by him, I was restored to health from my apparently desperate situation, and have since had no return of the pulmonary symptoms.
LYDIA HAVILAND.

OBSERVE—Dr. Higbee's Remedy (though not offered as a specific or panacea) has been for many years used with unprecedented success in cases of Pulmonary Consumption, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Spleen, Whooping Cough, Colds, &c. &c. and has gained a reputation unequalled in the history of medicine. Dr. Higbee is a regular physician, a graduate of Jefferson College in this city, and has practised in his profession for the last eleven years with very great success. His medicine is mild, pleasant, and safe, under all circumstances. It may be obtained at his office, No. 37 NORTH FIFTH Street, below Race street, with ample printed directions for use. Price $1 per bottle, or $5 per half dozen.

Also, of Joseph Scott, Wilmington, Delaware.
John Wind's Music store, Lancaster, Pa.
Bean & Nesace Norristown, Pa. nov 9—3m

90,000 MULTICAULIS TREES.

90,000 MORUS MULTICAULIS

Are offered for sale, deliverable in November next. They will be sold at moderate prices on good terms. The rapidly extending Silk business, which has proved so profitable and well adapted to our climate, with the large Bounty given for its encouragement by several of the States, ought to induce farmers to embrace the earliest opportunity of getting into a business that cannot be overdone.

Letters, post paid, addressed to the office of the Saturday Evening Post, 36 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, will be promptly attended to. jy 6—tf

THE OLIO

Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

ENIGMA.

My ancient dwelling was the sea;
I roamed long undisturbed and free,
Did not imagine, did not fear,
The world end of my career.
When tempests raged and storms rose high,
And billows mounted to the sky,
Tempests and storms with all their force,
Could not impede my onward course;
And fiercest whirlwinds were in vain,
T' obstruct my passage, thro' the main.
I had a master brave and bold,
Who feared not heat, nor frigid cold;
But then alas! my master died,
And I on land my fortune tried.
And tho' you may suppose it strange,
I underwent a curious change:
Here cruel and malicious fate,
Made me the object of its hate,
All through the long and tedious day,
Confined in some dark spot I lay,
Compelled as prisoner to sojourn,
The care of none—no one's concern—
And when at last the night returned,
My very soul within me burned,
To think I was the slave of all,
"Both young and Old—both Great and Small."
No wonder that I pined away,
As chill wind makes the flowers decay.
True I was in gay company,
But Oh what could it be to me!
No wonder then my life was brief,
Weighed down by such consuming grief,
A burning fever (my disease),
Reduced me slowly by degrees,
And still compelled to serve mankind,
Be not surprised that I declined.
I did not rest upon a bed,
No pillow did support my head,
Hope knew I not and mercy fled,
Nay not a tear for me was shed,
Without a single pitying friend,
At last I came to my sad end.

Collinsville, Ill. H. W. L.

An answer is requested.

THE VEIL.—Perhaps the most striking, as the most picturesque change in costume, is the veil universally worn in Italy; and but that the present day does not pique itself on its romance, it were a matter of marvel how a woman could ever be induced to abandon an article of dress so full of poetical and graceful association.

It appears from the "London Catalogue," that 25,000 volumes of books have been published in London within the last twenty-five years, not including successive editions of the same work, or editions not recognised by the trade.

The Philadelphia Ledger, speaking of Grenville Mellen as the author of a Temperance Ode, calls him a *Water Melon.*

PRESENTIMENT.—Our nature has many mysteries—the moral and physical world are strangely allied; the weight on the air presages the hurricane—the darkness on the heavens, the tempest: why may not destiny have its signs, and the heart its portents, and the nameless sadness that oppresses the spirits forbode the coming sorrow?

ILL-DESERVED COMMENDATION.—Praises of the unworthy are felt by ardent minds as robberies of the deserving.

CONSCIENCE.—Goethe makes a curious remark, which either contains a great truth, or is a piece of solemn humbug. "No acting man," he says, "has a conscience. No one has a conscience but the reflecting."

DEFINITION OF A HEART.—It is said that there is not much heart in the intercourse of the higher orders, and that truth and feeling are only to be found unsophisticated in the walks of retired and humble life. A fashionable man being told that he had no heart, replied: "Heart! what's that? Oh! a thing servant maids have, and break for John, the footman."

NAPOLEON AND MUSIC.—When he was cross he walked about with his hands behind him, humming a tune as falsely as possible, and then few dared approach him. "If you have any thing to ask of the General," said Junot to M. Arnault, one day, "I advise you not to go near him just now, for he is singing."

A NEW ANIMAL.—On a bridge across a river is the following foolish inscription: "One dollar fine for crossing this bridge faster than a *walk.*" Query.—What sort of an animal is a *walk,* and how fast does it travel?

THEOLOGIANS.—Mere Theologians, Richter severely but justly remarks, are the greatest and narrowest of all egotists; they make God the *free servant of* their petty parish, and imagine that eclipses of the sun are sent only to shade and cool them on their way to church.

A CRITERION BY WHICH WOMEN ESTIMATE MEN.—What a curious trait that is in women—their exaggerated anxiety to see one who has been loved by the man in whom they themselves take an interest; and the manner in which the said man rises or falls in their estimation, according as they admire, or are disappointed in, the object of his love. Nothing has cured more effectually the romantic interest the female world conceived for Byron, than a sight of the persons on whose affection he prided himself. Byron might have committed in their eyes a thousand sins more excusable than the error of bad taste.

A NOVEL WAY OF POPPING THE QUESTION TO THE OLD 'UN.—A friend relates the following incident as having occurred at a counting room of Mr. ——, not many miles from somewhere in this city. A number of gentlemen, for the lack of other subjects, were each stating what use he would make of money if he were wealthy. A clerk in the establishment, stood by and said nothing. At a pause in the conversation, one turned to him and said, "Well, Jim, if you were rich what would you do?"

"I would ask Mr. ——, for his daughter, Mary."

Mr. —— looked surprised: the by-standers saw the object and lent hand, and Jim has the prospect of having both his wishes gratified, wealth and Mary.

No names, upon honor!

EXPERIENCE PETRIFIES THE HEART.—The drops that trickle within the cavern harden, yet brighten into spars as they indurate. Nothing is more polished, nothing more cold, than that wisdom which is the work of former tears, of former passions, and is formed within a musing and solitary mind!

LADIES' FASHIONS.—In Connecticut, in former times, they had their hair tied so tight upon the back part of their heads, that it drew their lips apart so much they could not get them sufficiently near together to kiss their lovers, without loosing the cord.

SINGER'S EXCUSE.—A famous musician who had made his fortune by marriage, being requested to sing in company, "permit me," said he, "to imitate the nightingale, who never sings after he has made his nest."

EFFECTS OF FLATTERY.—An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his divinity: "Alas," cried he, "I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me."

AFFECTION.—On the proper and complete exercise of the affections alone, the best happiness of life depends; and as the meanest scrap of gauze, of bead, or tinsel, looks beautiful and costly through the reflecting mirror of the kaleidoscope, so does the most common and dreary scene acquire attraction and value when beheld through the beautifying medium of gratified affection.

A DISTRESSING CASE.—"If I had only seen Robin before he became insensible, it wad ha been some consolation," said a worthy retailer of ale and British spirits, to an acquaintance a few days after the death of a brother in a neighboring town. "Ah! to be sure—a great consolation, indeed," responded his friend, with an aspect of the deepest commiseration. "Ah," continued the bereaved relative, blubbering at the mournful recollection, "he had twa gold watches, and I'm sure, gin I had got there in time, he bad hae gi'en *me ane o' them!*"

RELIGION.—Those who have religion must necessarily be more happy at all times than those who have it not; for in the midst of pain and affliction their faith will lift their minds unto the joys of heaven—joys in which they feel that they must soon participate—and in the contemplation their immediate earthly troubles are forgotten: as the eagle, surmounting the clouds that hang loweringly over the earth, floats far above in the sunny and unclouded heavens.—*Southern Literary Messenger.*

Good Humor is the clear blue sky of the soul.

CEREMONY, EXPERIENCE AND LIFE.—Ceremony is the language of respect—and the rule is, "*De non existentibus et non apparentibus eadem et ratio;*" respect which is not expressed is thought not to exist.

Experience teaches us that a certain degree of ceremony and etiquette should be kept up, even between near relatives and intimate friends.

Life is a tesselated pavement—dovetailed mosaic—here black acre and there white acre—clouds to-day, sunshine to-morrow;—it is a series of lessons.

GIRLHOOD.—Let Lord Byron say what he will of bread and butter, girlhood is a beautiful season, and its love—its warm, uncalculating, devoted love—so exaggerating in its simplicity—so keen from its freshness—is the very poetry of attachment; after years have nothing like it. To know that the love which once seemed eternal can have an end, destroys its immortality; and thus brought to a level with the beginnings and endings, the chances and changes of life, commonplace employments and pleasures—and, alas! from the sublime to the ridiculous, there is but a step; our divinity turns out an idol; we are grown too wise, too worldly for our former faith, and we laugh at what we wept before; such laughter is more bitter—a thousand times more bitter, than tears.

A GOOD 'UN.—In the town of Columbia, State of Georgia, there resides a "limb of the law" named M—— W——, his "shingle" sticks out with the following inscription: "M—— W——, Notary Public and Attorney at Law." It happened, "once upon a time," that a rustic from the country, arrived in Columbus, and after investing some three *picayunes* in gingerbread, he strolled about the town seeing the sights, and trying to decipher the various sign-boards.—Finally he brought up—"ginger" in hand—opposite the aforesaid "shingle," when he stopped, and gazing up at the inscription, read as follows: "M—— W——, *notoriously public, and eternally at law!*" "Well," said the countryman, "that must be a great karakter."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

TASTE.—A correct taste is ever the concomitant of a chaste mind; for, as a celebrated author has justly observed, "our taste commonly declines with our merit." A correct taste is the offspring of all that is delicate in sentiment and just in conception; it softens the inflexibility of truth, and decks reason in the most persuasive garments.

FRIENDSHIP.—The occupation of my life has been to acquire the friendship of great and good men. With every one I found some new talent of the mind, or virtue of the heart; and my intelligence was enlarged, and my emotions became more pure. I have repeated my existence in that of my friend; and I have preferred the passion of friendship to that of love; for *friendship* can be participated, but *love* has but one object. Friendship is a torch which will light other torches without wasting itself; but love, like a sepulchral lamp is extinguished in the solitary tomb.

NO GO.—An old gentleman who used to frequent one of the coffee-houses in Dublin, being unwell, thought he might make so free as to steal an opinion concerning his case. Accordingly, one day he took an oportunity of asking one of the faculty, who sat in the same box with him, what he should take for such a complaint? "Advice," said the doctor.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

MY FLOWERS.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flower to wither at the north-wind's breath.—*Hemans.*

I grieve for ye, my pretty flowers,
I hear the north-wind's moan,
As rushing through the woodland bowers,
It breathes its mournful tone.

I know it bears to each loved bell
A fearful withering blight,
In forest wild, and lonely dell,
'Twill fade their hues so bright.

My garden flowers, they too must die,
They cannot stem this blast
And I must see them scatter'd lie
Their beauty having past.

Oh! they have been companions dear,
To me in my lone hours,
My spirit oft it oft would cheer
To seek my fav'rite flowers.

And they have taught me sacred lore
Through all these summer days,
But never shall I read them more,
This is my farewell gaze.

And thus my fairest joys must fade
Before Time's passing blight;
My dearest friends in death be laid,
Be still.—God doeth right.

The winds! how mournfully they sigh,
Bearing my loves away,
Yet whisper as they pass me by,
"They'll bloom with spring sun's ray."

That voice is with instruction rife,
It says "that man now dies,
But he will spring again to life,
In glorious beauty rise." OLLIE.

WELSH BULLS.—At a ford in South Wales is a board with this inscription:—Take notice when this board is under water the river is impassable." An Act of Elizabeth orders the Bible and Prayer Book to be translated into Welsh, for the purpose of making the Welsh learn English.—"Did you ever remember so wet and cold a summer?" said a lady to Mr. Rogers. "Yes, madam, last winter," replied the wag.

LOVE OF APPROBATION.—Nothing appears to me so absurd as placing our happiness in the opinion others entertain of our enjoyments, not in our own sense of them. The fear of being thought vulgar, is the moral hydrophobia of the day; our weaknesses cost us a thousand times more regret and shame than our faults.

DUELLING EXTRAORDINARY.

MR. BRAGG had drawn so largely upon the belief of a company by stories of transactions to which he pretended to have been an eye-witness, that several of its members could not help expressing their doubts. The narrator was affronted, and insisted on the truth of what he had been relating with the more warmth, since Major Johnson espoused his cause. The circumstance excited not a little astonishment, as the major was justly accounted a man of excellent understanding, and particularly tenacious of truth. The surprise of all present was greatly augmented when he thus addressed them:

"Indeed, in my opinion, Mr. Bragg has abundant reason to be angry, as it frequently happens that nothing seems more improbable than truth, as I can test from my own experience. When I was a student at Jena, I once went with Baron Fitzerling, with whom I was intimately acquainted, to Weimar, in order to attend the performance of *The Maid of Orleans,* at the theatre of that city. The part of the heroine was assigned to Madame Wolfe, and she acted in with so much ability, that I could not forbear several times loudly expressing my admiration. This offended the baron, whose partiality for another actress would not acknowledge the superior talents of the universal favourite. We quarrelled, and adjourned to the neighboring park. Favored by the full moon, the duel began, and I shot the baron dead on the spot."

"But," observed one of the company, "where did you get fire arms at such a short notice?"

"No interruption, if you please," answered the major, in an angry tone. "Let me proceed, everything will be explained by-and-by. Well then, as I said, I shot Baron Fitzerling dead. The circumstance rendered it the more necessary for me to quit, not only Weimar, but all Saxony, because the Fitzerlings, as every-body knows, are a very ancient family."

"A very ancient family!" rejoined one. "I am sure I never heard of them before.

"That may be: but if I am to proceed, let me beg, once for all, that I may not be interrupted, as the conclusion will clear up every apparent obscurity in the story."

This address, bordering so closely upon rudeness, made the company stare at one another; the major seemed to take no notice of this, and turning to Mr. Bragg alone, he thus continued:

"I hastened back to Jena, packed up my things with all possible expedition, and travelled post to the Austrian capital. On my arrival at Vienna, I repaired to the Apollo Hall, which had just then begun to be a fashionable place of resort. I had been there but a moment, when a young man rudely pushed through the numerous assembly, and, half out of breath thus addressed me:

"Pray, sir, are not you Mr. Johnson?"

"Yes sir, at your service."

"Did you not shoot Baron Fitzerling in a duel at Weimar?"

"Yes I did."

"Baron Fitzerling was my brother; I must have satisfaction for his death, and request you to me with pistols at four o'clock to-morrow morning in the Prater."

"With great pleasure," I replied; and mounting my horse next morning, found my antagonist at the entrance. I followed him into a retired alley; we fired, and I shot him dead.

"I was certainly very sorry to be obliged to leave the pleasures of Vienna so soon on account of this affair. It was, however, absolutely necessary for my safety that I should be gone. To avoid any further interruption of the kind, I determined this time upon a more distant journey; traversed part of Italy, and never stopped till I reached Rome. One day as I stood absorbed in admiration before the cascade of Tivoli, a young man suddenly tapped me on the shoulder with the question—

"Pray, sir, are not you Mr. Johnson?"

"Yes, sir, at your service."

"Have you not shot two Barons Fitzerling in duels, one at Weimar and the other at Vienna?"

"Yes, I have."

"The Barons Fitzerling were my brothers; I must have satisfaction for their death, and request you to exchange shots with me in yonder field."

"With great pleasure," said I, and followed him. We fired and I shot him dead.

"I now posted away to Paris. The day after my arrival, I went to see the museum, when a young man came up to me, and said—

"Pray, sir, are not you Mr. Johnson?"

"Yes, sir, at your service."

"Have you not shot three Barons Fitzerling in duels; one at Weimar, one at Vienna, and one at Rome?"

"Yes, I have."

"The Barons Fitzerling were my brothers; I must have satisfaction for their deaths, and request you to meet me this afternoon, at three o'clock precisely, at the Bois de Boulogne."

"With great pleasure," said I; and in the afternoon away I rode. My antagonist was already there; we fired, and I shot him dead.

"As I had no wish whatever to send any more Fitzerlings into the other world, I determined to leave the continent for good, that I might not be again disturbed by the surviving relations: and hurrying to Calais, embarked there and arrived safe at Dover. It seemed, indeed, as if these relations, or at least their knowledge of my rencontres with the family, had not reached London, for there I lived sometime without a challenge from any of the breed. One day, however, just when I was playing a game at chess at White's I happened to look up, and was so confounded by the appearance of a young man opposite, who kept his eye steadfastly fixed upon me, that I made a wrong move, and thus had well nigh lost the advantages of which my position afforded the fairest prospect."

"Sir," said I, starting up, "Why do you stare at me so incessantly?"

"Pray, sir," he asked, "are not you Mr. Johnson?"

"Yes, sir, at your service."

"Have you not shot four Barons Fitzerling in duels; one at Weimar, one at Vienna, one at Rome, and one at Paris?"

"I have."

"The Barons Fitzerling were my brothers; I must have satisfaction for their deaths. Come out of the room with me, that we may exchange shots."

"With great pleasure," said I, "only let me finish my game, and then we'll settle this *bagatelle* immediately."

He agreed, and when the game was over, I stepped with him into a back room; we fired and ——."

"And shot him dead?" impatiently cried Mr. Bragg with a smile, while the major stopped to muse.

"No, I beg your pardon," rejoined the major, "It was he that shot me dead."

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

TO M * * *.

"*I knew 'twas a Dream.*"

I knew 'twas a dream,
Yet I cherished it wildly,
As morning's first beam,
That's shadowed forth mildly;
I heard thy name breath'd
In each music fraught-tone,
And memory has wreath'd
It in charms all her own.

In my bright dreams I saw thee,
And worship'd thee there,
Thy spirit so gladsome and free;
And wild as some glad thing of air;
No love vows were spoken,
But deep in my heart,
Is graven that token,
That ne'er shall depart.

That look has not faded,
Though long since 'tis gone,
Nor time has not shaded,
One ray from that throne;
No sorrow has blighted,
One tint from that flower,
Nor dark cloud benighted,
One scene mid that bower.

Pure, pure as the sunbeam,
That shines on the sea,
Is treasured each bright gleam
That's telling of thee.
The tales of the past
Whisper tidings of love,
Like the glory that's cast
From the blue arch above.

We met when life's morning
Was calm and serene,
When Hope's flowers were blooming
With Beauty each scene;
We parted—but nightly,
In my gay dreams of sleep,
I've seen them as brightly
And loved them as deep.

Philadelphia, Oct. 1839. S. H.

A QUARREL.

Yesterday, while passing by a building on which several negroes were at work, our attention was arrested by hearing two of the darkies in a dialogue of high words. One of them was on the scaffolding, and the other standing on the ground, near a pile of bricks.

"Whoy, you knows, Sam,"—said the animated lump of 'Day and Martin,' who stood below, looking up, and rolling the white of his eye, which resembled a poached egg.—"you knows you can't shine whar dis child is no how."

"Look heaw, Pomp, you tar-baby, I feels de greatest contenterfection for you and all your innuwenders, I does; de fac is I looks *down* on you wid parfec contem—you's all togedder *below* me."

"None of dem sinnervations, niggar, I shant stan it. I take one ob dese bricks and fotch you off'n dat dare scaffol, quicker dan you git on it, if you offers any more ob your tarnations and tesultin conspressions."

"What dat you talks, you dark rethoropian? Jis stan dare till I cums down dis ladder. I make you tink a bull dog got you!" And thus saying, Sam rattled down from the building, "like a possum down a simmon tree."

The belligerents were about coming to close quarters, when the overseer came up, and spoiled the fun, we walked away.—*Picayune.*

From the New York Mirror.

GOETHE'S FAUSTUS.

Numerous translations have been made, in prose and verse, of this masterpiece of German literature. Many of its most remarkable passages have been rendered in English a hundred times, with various success. By far the best translation of the entire work, however, is that by John Anster, of Trinity College, published in London in 1835. It has never been reprinted in this country, and but few copies of it have yet crossed the Atlantic. We are confident that we can in no wise render a more acceptable service to our readers than by presenting a few of its choice passages of poetry and eloquence, with such comments as they may suggest in the perusal.

We must plead guilty to having opened Faustus as a new work. In former days, with the aid of grammar and dictionary, we have toiled through a portion of the original, as a well-thumbed relic of our boy-library will attest for us. But, with the entrance into the busy competitions of life, the German of the young scholar too often goes the way of his Greek; and if he can hold on by a little of his Latin, and of the the languages allied with the noble tongue of imperial Rome, it is as much as the most diligent can hope to compass. We came to Faustus, therefore—in all humility we speak of it—as a new work; and we have been indebted to Mr. Anster's translation of it for an enjoyment which we are satisfied the most familiar reader of the German has seldom derived from the original.

In first running through the volume before us, it will be with a view of selecting the more striking passages of poetry, rather than of presenting an analysis of the characters, or a development of the plot. These we reserve for a future article. Of the dedication of the work, it will be remembered by our readers, we published a translation in the first number of our present volume, from the pen of Mr. Halleck; and we deem it high praise of Mr. Anster's version to say that it is in no wise inferior.

The poem—for we cannot consider Faustus as a drama, opens with a prelude at the theatre, between the manager, the dramatic poet, and Mr. Merryman. The manager calls upon his two friends for advice and assistance. His booth is up, his stage erected, and his audience collecting; and he invokes the poet to minister to their eager and excited curiosity. To which the poet replies:

Oh, tell me not of the tumultuous crowd;
My powers desert me in the noisy throng;
Hide, hide me from the multitude whose loud
And dizzy whirl would hurry me along
Against my will; and lead me to some lone
And silent vale—some scene in fairy land,
There only will the poet's heart expand,
Surrendered to the impulses of song,
Lost in delicious visions of its own—
Where Love and Friendship o'er the heart at rest
Watch through the flowing hours, and we are blest!
Thoughts by the soul conceived in silent joy,
Sounds often uttered by the timid voice,
Tried by the nice ear, delicate of choice,
Till we at last are pleased, or self-deceived,
The whole a rabble's madness may destroy;
And this, when, after toil of many years,
Touched and re-touched the perfect piece appears,
To challenge praise, or win unconscious tears,
As the vain heart too easily believed;
Some sparkling, showy thing, got up in haste,
Brilliant and light, will catch the passing taste.
The truly great, the genuine, the sublime,
Wins its slow way in silence; and the bard,
Unnoticed long, receives from after-time
The imperishable wreath, his best, his sole reward!

Point out to us than this a more magnificent expression of the great truths here embodied! Mr. Merryman, however, treats the poet's notions as mere cant and humbug, ridicules the idea of squandering exertion on the unborn, at the expense of the pleasures of the living. The manager follows up the suggestion of his friend, and lectures the poet on the need of a variety of action in the drama, and enough of it; that every spectator may find something to hit his fancy, or excite his astonishment. The poet rebels at this writing to order for the whims of the many-headed multitude, when the manager pursues his argument by analyzing for him the elements of an audience, setting them before him in the boxes pretty much in the same fashion in which we can find them any night in the week at the Park or the Bowery. Goethe's manager, we must confess, seems to understand his trade, and though we are ourselves disposed to respect the scruples of the poet, we apprehend that he would have been but lightly estimated among the knowing ones. The poet replies:

Go, and elsewhere some fitter servant find:
What! shall the poet squander, then, away,
And spend in worthless, worse than idle, play,
The highest gift that ever nature gave:
The inalienable birthright of mankind—
The freedom of the independent mind—
And sink into an humble trading slave?
Whence is his power all human hearts to win,
And why can nothing his proud march oppose,
As through all elements the conqueror goes?
Oh! is it not the harmony within,
The music which hath for its dwelling-place
His own rich soul—the heart that can receive
And hold in its unlimited embrace
All things inanimate, and all that live?
When Nature, like a tired and stupid sloven,
Twists with dull fingers the coarse threads of Life;
When all things, that, together interwoven,
In happy concord still agreeing,
Should join to form the web of being,
Are tangled in inextricable strife!
Who, then, can cheer Life's dreary monotony,
Bestow upon the dead new animation,
Restore the dissonant to harmony,
And bid the jarring individual be
A chord, that in the general consecration
Bears part with all in musical relation?
Who to the tempest's rage can give a voice
Like human passion? bid the serious mind
Glow with the coloring of the sunset hours?
Who in the drear path scatters Spring's first
flowers,
When wanders forth the ladye of his choice?
Who of the valueless green leaves can bind
A wreath—the artist's proudest ornament—
Or round the conquering hero's brow entwined
The best reward his country can present?
Whose voice is Fame? who gives us to inherit
Olympus, and the loved Elysian field?
The soul of MAN sublimed—man's soaring spirit
Seen in the POET gloriously revealed.

We know not where to look in the classics of the last two thousand years, and more particularly in those of the "fast-anchored isle," with which we claim to be not unfamiliar, and where one of any reasonable appetite may find food for a life-time without even the desire of so much foreign cookery as a French ragout—we know not where to look, in the whole range and compass of English poetry, for a passage that describes so glowingly and so appreciatingly the calling and power of the poet as does this glorious extract from the prelude to Faustus. Read and re-peruse it till you have extracted all its deep meaning, and become familiar with its minute and hidden harmonies—for it is musical as are the spheres!

Mr. Merryman proceeds to further commentary on the popular drama, and exhorts the poet to present those scenes of familiar life which all can understand, and with which all can sympathise. These, in their various and shifting pictures, will fix attention and excite admiration, and, above all others, the admiration and attention of unspoiled, unformed youth. On this hint the poet bursts out in the following brilliant invocation which looks as little like a translation as a passage from Wordsworth's inimitable "Ode on the Recollections of Childhood:"

Give me, oh! give me back the days
When I—I too—was young,
And felt, as they now feel, each coming hour
New consciousness of power.

Oh, happy, happy time, above all praise!
Then thoughts on thoughts and crowding fancies
sprung,
And found a language in unbidden lays;
Unintermitted streams from fountains ever flowing.
Then, as I wandered free,
In every field, for me,
Its thousand flowers were blooming!
A veil through which I did not see,
A thin veil o'er the world was thrown,
In every bud a mystery;
Magic in every thing unknown:
The fields, the grove, the air was haunted,
And all that age has disenchanted.
Yes! give me—give me back the days of youth,
Poor, yet how rich!—my glad inheritance
The unextinguishable love of truth,
While life's realities were all romance.
Give me, oh! give youth's passions unconfined—
The rush of joy, that felt almost like pain—
Its hate, its love, its own tumultuous mind:
Give me my youth again!

Mr. Merryman rebukes this prattle and sighing for youth; and the manager terminates the discussion with some good practical advice, which proves him an adept in his vocation, and by which the dreaming bard might not unreasonably profit. Briskly interrupting the colloquy of his friend and the poet, he thus brings the prelude to its conclusion:

Come, come, no more of this absurd inventory
Of flattering phrases—courteous, complimentary,
You both lose time in words unnecessary,
Playing with language thus at fetch and carry;
Think not of tuning, now, or preparation,
Strike up my boy—no fear—no hesitation,
Till you commence no chance of inspiration.
But once assume the poet—then the fire
From heaven will come to kindle and inspire.
Strong drink is what we want to gull the people,
A hearty, brisk, and animating tipple;
Come, come, no more delay, no more excuses,
The stuff we ask you for at once produce us.
Lose this day loitering—'twill be the same story
To-morrow, and the next more dilatory;
The indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting over days.
Are you in earnest? seize this very minute—
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it,
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated—
Begin it, and the work will be completed!
You know our German bards, like bold adventurers,
Bring out what'er they please, and laugh at censurers;
Then do not think to-day of sparing scenery,
Command enough of dresses and machinery;
Use as you please—fire, water, thunder, levin,
The greater and the lesser light of heaven.
Squander away the stars at your free pleasure,
And build up rocks and mountains without measure.
Of birds and beasts we've plenty here to lavish,
Come, cast away all apprehensions slavish—
Strut, on our narrow stage, with lofty stature,
As moving through the circle to wide nature,
Hurry with speed more swift than words can tell,
Rapid as thought—from *Heaven,* through *Earth,*
to *Hell!*

We believe that Hamblin caught his tact and inspiration as a manager from a study of Goethe's prelude; for he seems to emulate the same lavish use of fire, water, and thunder, birds and beasts, larger and lesser lights, that is inculcated by his illustrious predecessor. *Giafar Al Barmeki* is surely constructed on the principles here set down, for the captivation of the multitude; and thus we see the far reaching philosophy of the poet stooping to the vulgar realities, the trade aspects of his art, and familiar with them as with the where-abouts of the "highest heaven of invention."

But we must close the volume. We have thus far listened only to the overture of the magnificent opera. We stand as yet upon the threshhold of the temple.

Erskine once, in the Court of King's Bench, was counsel for a carpenter, in an assault cause. He was examining a witness, who stated that the defendant challenged the plaintiff to fight; that he stripped, and the defendant closed with him, and having thrown him down, before he could rise, he struck him with a plane. "Yes," said Erskine, "then you mean, in fact, to say, that having come to *close quarters,* the defendant *boarded him.*"

SILVER AND OTHER JINGLE.

Since the suspension of specie payments, silver has become so scarce that it not only commands a high premium, but large rewards, for even a rhyme for it, or any thing that will jingle with it. The editor of the N. O. Picayune is one of the perplexed gentlemen, who are willing to pay for a rhyme or paper substitute for this rare article. What Hudibras never succeeded in finding, it must be a hopeless task for others to attempt to fish up from the sea of words. However, as we have a partiality for the Picayune, and some sympathy with it in its unmusical sufferings, it shall have such as we have. So here goes—

Our daddy was a rogue, at best,
And seemed just born to pilfer:
He robb'd the ladies of their hearts,
The men of all their silver.

This, thought by no means a perfect rhyme, is about as good as a third of those you find in Pope or Swift. Just soften the *f* into a *v*, and you will have it. Here's another—

——Shall I introduce you, Sir?
She's a young widow—the pretty Mrs. Milver—
With a rich heart, but not a cent of silver.

And here another—

She's a prime cat—
And worth her whole weight in gold—or silver—
Why, sir, I've had her full ten years, and still 've had
In all her prime.

There, these three rhymes will do—and we shall only say of them—

"The first's the worst—the second's the same,
The last's the best—that's all the game"—

Though they are all good enough to obtain the prize.

Speaking of rhymes, "silver" is not the only word that it has puzzled rhymesters to match with an appropriate jingle. A London poet, some years ago, offered fifty pounds for a word that would rhyme with "porringer." This was done about the time the Duke of York married the Prince of Orange. The next morning after the offer the papers contained the following:

"The Duke of York a daughter had,
He gave the Prince of Orange her.
You see, my friend, I've found a word
Will rhyme with yours of porringer."

Canning, being once challenged to find a rhyme for Ipecacuanha, immediately wrote the following:

"Laughing in a shady grove,
Sat my Juliana,
Lozenges I gave my love,
Ipecacuanha."

Now, may we be suspended with the banks, if we don't think our rhymes are quite as good as these.—*Claremont Eagle.*

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

STANZAS TO A. R. M.

"Friendship, mysterious cement of the soul,
I owe thee much"————

Star of my memory, ye bring,
Around me scenes of childhood's hour,
Where, list'ning to the murmuring
Beneath the favorite bower,

Reminds me of my early dreams,
The romance of my life,
When pleasure's stars in fitful gleams,
Around my path were rife,

And beaming o'er me gloriously,
How can I soon forget,
The scenes that are so dear to me,
Ye pass me with regret.—

And every ray around me brings,
The thoughts of vanished hours,
The bliss that ne'er are known to kings,
In beauty's moonlit bowers.

Star of my life, again to thee,
I pledge in friendship's name,
This tribute lay to memory,
Unbought by wreaths in fame.

Philadelphia, Oct. 19*th.* 1839. J. S. C.

Recantations usually prove the force of authority, rather than the change of opinion. When a Dr. Pocklington was condemned to make a recantation, he hit the etymology of the word, while he caught at the spirit—he began thus: "If *canto* be to sing, *recanto* is to sing again." So that he rechanted his offending opinions, by repeating them in his *recantation.*

HARSH JUDGMENTS.—If you must form harsh judgments, form them of yourself, not of others, and in general begin by attending to your own deficiencies first. If every one would sweep up his own walk, we should have very clean streets.

THE SUNFLOWER LEAF
A SUBSTITUTE FOR TOBACCO.

IT has long been well known that the Sunflower (Helianthus) is profitable to the cultivator, the seed producing an oil equal if not superior to olive oil, for the table or druggist, and finds a ready sale in market at a greater price than the flaxseed oil; but the medicinal virtues of the leaf—like many other discoveries that minister to the comfort of man, was entirely accidental—an individual, laboring under an Asthmatic complaint, made use of the leaf in the way of smoking, having prepared the leaf and made into segars like those made from tobacco, from the use of which he received instantaneous relief, and in every case of coughs, colds, or oppression of the chest, where the segars made of the Sunflower leaf have been used they have given relief.

In Botany, the medicinal virtues of the leaf as a pectoral, and expectorant are well established. Its healing qualities to the breast and lungs, contrast strongly with those of tobacco, which possess none of those properties; but on the contrary is harsh, acid, bitter and stimulating; and when used in the way of smoking, always proves more or less injurious to those who use it, and more especially in consumptive habits. Hence the Patentees of the Sunflower and Rhubarb Segars, flatter themselves that if they can succeed in introducing a substitute for tobacco, a poisonous plant, whose action upon the human system is deleterious, for one which is mild and soothing—and possessing medical properties of a high order: they will confer a benefit not only to habitual smokers who are suffering from the practice of an inveterate habit, but upon invalids who may be induced to give the Sunflower Segar a trial. The Sunflower is a plant of vigorous growth, and may be cultivated in almost any soil, and has been extensively cultivated in some of the Southern States for the oil alone; but when the value of the leaf shall be added to the oil there is little doubt that in a short time the culture of the Sunflower will be found quite as profitable as the cotton crops of the South; and much more so than tobacco—for being a more certain crop—and suited to almost every variety of soil and climate, the planter will find it his interest to invest his capital and labor in the culture of a plant that will in a short time supercede the use of tobacco in the way of smoking.

The subscribers, Patentees of the Sunflower and Rhubarb Segars, hold a number of original certificates amongst which are the following:

I do hereby certify that through inclemency of the weather, my throat had become so hoarse that I could not make myself understood, after having smoked one of the Sunflower Segars, in thirty minutes I could converse with ease. GEORGE ROLLISSON.

Witness present,
NATHANIEL HAMILTON,
Hinkletown, Lancaster County, Pa.

The following list of names are on similar certificates. Dr. Winters, David S. Groff, John Lutz, Allen Yust, Daniel Hahn, John Johns, Samuel Stauffer, Adam Wolf, Capt. Samuel D. Miller, Henry Stantsenberger.

The subscribers have now on hand a small lot of Segars from their last years stock, and have a considerable crop under their immediate cultivation, which with other arrangements they will be enabled to meet all orders received after the first of December next. In distributing the above Segars, they ask the influence of a liberal public, which is always ready when agriculture and reform are the motto, by that time they will be enabled to furnish their friends and the public with a superior quality of segars.

All letters, orders for samples at present, or correspondence to contract for a right of making in any state or section of the Union, (not yet contracted for) when post paid, and directed to the subscribers, Marietta, Pennsylvania, will receive proper attention.

GROFF & GOODMAN.

N. B. Country editors, inserting the above three times and sending one copy to the subscribers, will be entitled to one box of segars. ly 20—tf

SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS!
Small Change Notes,
For Banks, Corporation Issues, Loans Public Institutions, Merchants, Manufacturers, and others—from splendid Steel Plates.

IN the suspension of 1837, the subscriber furnished to numerous corporations and public bodies all their issues of small change notes: and he has now prepared himself with a large variety of entirely new steel plates, of various patterns, engraved in the highest style, and making imitation almost impossible. The designs are beautiful in the extreme, and the whole execution of the plates such as to adapt them expressly for issues of scrip, where the amount to be issued is so small as to render the cost of a private engraving too high. By using these plates, the consumer has all the benefit of the fine engraving, without being at any of the expense, as the filling up of the notes can be changed in any way that may be desired. The price, too, on superior bank note paper is moderate. The despatch in executing an order is very great, no matter how large a quantity or how great a variety may be required; a messenger sent to this city for the purpose will be detained but a short time. These plates are made for my exclusive use; impressions from them, or duplicates, cannot therefore be obtained elsewhere.—Notes can be printed from them of all denominations from FIVE CENTS up to FIVE DOLLARS, or even higher, if required.

Particular attention is invited to these notes: their execution exhibits the most finished effect of the graver associated with the exactness of typography—thus producing a bill of great beauty, and secure from the most ingenious attempts at fraud, since it is a fact that however perfectly *engravings* may be imitated, it is impossible to copy *letter press printing* on a plate with even tolerable accuracy. This peculiarity is sufficient of itself to establish their importance to all issuers.

In addition to the above I can furnish notes of all denominations, from Xylographic plates, also engraved in my own establishment. They cost less than the steel plate notes, but are not so elegant nor safe; yet they have been found to answer a very valuable purpose. They can be printed in red, green, blue or black.

Having expended several thousand dollars in engraving plates, and preparing myself to supply the public through out the United States during the present suspension, I can now execute all orders for notes in a very superior manner, and with a promptitude which entitles this office to the notice of the business doing public. Every exertion will be made to execute and send off promptly orders from a distance.

EDMUND MORRIS,
No. 45 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.
October, 1839. oct 26—tf

DAVID SMITH, MERCHANT,

WATER Street, Paducah, Kentucky.—Has constantly on hand a choice assortment of *New Goods,* such as *Hardware, Dry Goods, Clothing, Groceries, Queens ware,* &c. suitable for the supply of STEAMBOATS, TRAVELLERS, &c. which he offers for sale on moderate Terms.

He has also for sale a number of
TRACTS OF VALUABLE LAND,
situated in the counties in the neighborhood of Paducah, Kentucky. These lands are very productive, in a fine salubrious climate, and at very low prices. This region affords peculiar facilities for getting produce to market, and good prices are at all times attainable. oct 19—tf

DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

THIS invaluable medicine is daily effecting the most astonishing and wonderful cures that have ever been known. All who have ever used it for ASTHMA, COUGH, SPITTING OF BLOOD, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP OR HIVES, CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC PLEURISY, *Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, difficulty of breathing,* and every other disease of the LUNGS and BREAST can and do attest to its superior usefulness. BRONCHITIS, a disease which is annually sweeping thousands upon thousands to a premature grave, under the mistaken name of CONSUMPTION, is always cured by it. The usual symptoms of this disease (bronchitis) are Cough, or Soreness of the Lungs or Throat—Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, ASTHMA, *Hectic Fever,* a spitting up of Phlegm or matter, and sometimes of blood. It is an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the whole of the wind tubes or air vessels, which run through every part of the Lungs. The Expectorant immediately suppresses the Cough, Pain, Inflammation, Fever and Difficulty of Breathing, and produces a free and easy Expectoration, and a cure is soon effected.

It always cures ASTHMA—two or three large doses will cure the CROUP OR HIVES of children in from fifteen minutes to an hour's time. It immediately subdues the violence of WHOOPING COUGH and effects a speedy cure. Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians as incurable with "CONSUMPTION," have been restored to perfect health by it.

CERTIFICATES.
From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"*Messrs. Editors,*—I observed, some time ago, a communication over the signature of "A Parent," stating that Dr *Jayne's Indian Expectorant* had been the means of saving the lives of three of his children, who were suffering severely with Whooping Cough, and having lost a short time before but one of my children by that dreadful complaint, and having another, and my only child, suffering the greatest agony with the same disease, and in hourly expectation of its death, I was induced to purchase a bottle of it and commenced using it according to the directions, and to the surprise of all, it began to mend in fifteen minutes after we commenced using it, and the child has now completely recovered.

My wife, also, who has been for the last two years laboring under consumption, and for several months past confined mostly to her bed, is now taking the same valuable medicine, and has found so much benefit from its use, that we are firmly persuaded she will soon recover, as she scarcely coughs twice in twenty-four hours, and has so far recovered as to be able to sit up half a day at a time. I have no acquaintance with Dr. Jayne, but I hereby return him a husband's and a father's grateful acknowledgments. J. L. SIMPKINS.

Philadelphia, April 22, 1837.

Modest Town, Va. Aug. 22, 1838.

DR. JAYNE.—Dear Sir,—I have been using your Expectorant extensively in my practice for the last three months, and for all attacks of Colds, Coughs, Inflammation of the Lungs, Consumption, Asthma, Pains and Weakness of the Breast, it is decidedly the best medicine I have ever tried. Very respectfully yours,

R. W. WILLIAMS, M. D.

From Dr. E. P. Hitchcock, a Graduate of Jefferson College, Philadelphia.

Dr. Jayne,—Dear Sir—I am happy to inform you that I am acquainted with many instances of the good effects of your Indian Expectorant. Its highly beneficial influence in the case of the Rev. Mr. Kneeling, is indeed astonishing, that after a failure of every other means it should rescue him from a painful decline and protract his very useful life. My confidence in your Expectorant is also increased from a partial knowledge of its composition, and from the happy relief which I experienced from a very harrassing Cough, with which I have been afflicted: and as I am about to leave the city for the South, I would be pleased to receive some to take with me.

Respectfully yours, &c.
E. P. HITCHCOCK, M. D. No. 31 Sansom St.
Philadelphia, Oct 18, 1837.

New York, January 21, 1839.

Dr. Jayne,—Sir: Permit me to express my deep sense of obligation I am under to you for the discovery of the Expectorant. For several years past I have been severely afflicted with diseased lungs, attended with cough, and occasionally spitting of blood and, had tried all the Doctors to no avail. Fortunately I obtained a package of your medicine when passing through your city a few weeks ago, which I have used and which has entirely relieved me. My health is much better now than it has been for several years past, and I attribute it entirely to the use of your invaluable medicine. You are at liberty to publish this if you deem it necessary.

Yours sincerely, in haste,
JOHN BOLIKA, Sen.

Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir—My child, owing to exposure, when recently coming up the Ohio, was attacked by that horrible malady, CROUP. We landed in the night at Beaver Point, and when our fears were alarmed, least the hoarse, sepulchral cough was the forerunner of death, we gave him a tea-spoon full of the "*Expectorant*" (a bottle of which you presented me with when in Philadelphia,) and applied some liniment to the throat and breast; and before many minutes the hoarseness was gone, the child breathed freely and slept sweetly. Owing to these circumstances it cannot be wondered at why I have so high an opinion of Dr. Jayne's medicine, and why I advise every family to keep it on hand, ready for any emergency.

Respectfully yours,
ARTHUR B. BRADFORD,
Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Darlington, Pa.
June 9th, 1839.

Numerous other certificates might be added, but the above are considered sufficient evidence of its great usefulness.

Prepared only by Dr D. Jayne No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia. Price $1. oct 12—3m

PRIZE HYACINTHS—GARDEN SEEDS.

JUST received, and on sale, a superb collection of double and single Hyacinths, Tulips, Anemones, Ranunculus, Amaryllis, Iris, Lilies, and other Bulbous Roots, imported direct from Holland, and selected expressly for our establishment. The Hyacinths are of the first order and finest named kinds, warranted true to name and color, very large bulbs, and the finest assortment ever offered for sale in Philadelphia, and in every way superior to the common Dutch Bulbs, sold at auction every fall. The Hyacinths are the same splendid kinds to which the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society awarded *the premiums for blooms flowered in glasses in February last.*

With a full and general assortment of Garden, Field, and Flower Seeds, WARRANTED, and our own growth, assortments adapted to every climate put up at the shortest notice, whether large or small. Rohan Potatoes, Chinese Tree Corn, &c. at our Horticultural warehouse, No. 97 Chesnut street, above Third street.

oct 12—tf HIRST & DREER.

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

THIS disease is a wasting away of the whole body, attended with a hectic fever, cough and spitting up of matter from an ulcer on the lungs. SYMPTOMS—The inflammatory stage begins with chillness, succeeded by heat, lowness of spirits, shrillness of voice, salt taste in the mouth, pain in the breast and side, attended with a dry cough. A weight is experienced at the affected part of the lungs, loss of appetite, vomiting and spitting up of frothy and florid blood. After some time the matter is expectorated of different colors, white, yellow, green and bloody, either without smell or offensive.—The body begins to fall away and grow cold, the hectic fever increases, attended with frequent burnings in the hands and lower extremities, sometimes the tongue will be full of small ulcers; after eating, the patient will have a fixed red color on his cheeks; the pit of the stomach contracts, the functions of the animal economy grow languid, the body becomes dry, the eyes sink deep within their cavities—at length from debility, the patient pays the debt of nature at the time when he is flattering himself with the hopes of a speedy recovery. To obviate all those symptoms at the commencement of the disease, use DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY BARK, which will immediately HEAL THE ULCERATED LUNGS, stopping profuse night sweats, and at the same time, strengthening and invigorating the whole system. A single bottle of this medicine is sufficient in many cases to test its good effects. Thousands have been relieved while on the brink of the grave, by using a few bottles of this invaluable Syrup. It is not to be understood that this medicine is the elixir of life, and will cure Consumption in its last stages. This it will not do, but it will positively palliate and relieve those sufferers, who for a series of years have not experienced a happy hour.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE for the sale of this medicine is at the Medical Office, No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia, where all orders must be addressed. To avoid imposition, the Proprietor's name is impressed on the bottles; likewise his signature is attached to the labels on the bottles. Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.

AGENTS.—Mrs. Parker, Kensington; Benjamin Brown, corner of Shippen and George streets, Philadelphia; Bean & Shrack, Norristown; Jesse Kerns, West Chester; John Wind, Lancaster; Joseph Scott, Wilmington; and Andrew Keefer, Harrisburg. sep 16—eoif—ootf

DR. SWAYNE.

RESPECTED FRIEND—From the very beneficial effects which I have received from the use of thy COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY BARK, I am fully willing to testify to the astonishing effect. My attack was that of a common COLD, which began to threaten something of a more serious nature. Being recommended to use the above Syrup, I finally gave it a trial, and am happy to say it gave me almost instant relief. I have used it frequently, and always with the same beneficial effects. If others would use this medicine at the commencement of their COLDS and COUGHS, they would prevent a disease which would be more alarming in its character, and much more obstinate in the cure. ELWOOD L. FUSEY,

S. W. corner of Arch and Fifth streets, Philada.

The above Medicine is for sale at the MEDICAL OFFICE, 19 NORTH EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia and respective agents. For sale in Baltimore at No. 3 N. GAY Street. sep 14—eoif—ootf

MORE PROOFS
OF THE EFFICACY OF DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY BARK.—*Mrs. BROWN,* corner of Second street and the forks of Germantown Road, effectually cured. Her symptoms were *general debility,* attended with a constant COUGH, pain in the side, breast and back, with other symptoms indicative of PULMONARY DISEASE, not essential to intimate. After using the second bottle of this invaluable medicine, her *cough* entirely disappeared and her strength increasing fast, and by the time she used two bottles more, she found herself freed from all pain and other unpleasant symptoms which attended her disease. She is now enjoying perfect health, and willing to give any information respecting her cure; likewise recommends this Syrup to all afflicted with a *cough* or a disease of the *lungs.* For sale at No. 19 N. EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia. sep 14—eoif—ootf

Joseph Swartz's
CARPET MANUFACTORY,

NO. 319 North Third Street, next door to the Commissioners' Hall, Philadelphia. Where fashionable CARPETS are wove of different Patterns, in the handsomest style. Also, Venetian Carpets wove and for sale. He also keeps on hand a large assortment of ready made Carpets, which he will sell, wholesale and retail at the most reasonable prices. These carpets can be recommended to all parts of the United States.

N. B.—The advertiser has received a Silver Medal from the Franklin Institute, for Manufacturing Carpeting of superior quality. oct 5—6m

MORUS MULTICAULIS.

40 000 Morus Multicaulis, fine and large, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, at the agency, by
F. WOOLMAN,
sep 14—tf Burlington, New Jersey.

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.
Hyman's Celebrated Rheumatic Liniment.

THIS medicine the few years it has been before the public has gained a celebrity, seldom, if ever equalled. For the cure of Rheumatism, Sweeny or Paralysis Sprains, Bruises, Pains of the back and limbs Quinsey Sore Throat, Bunions, Numbness, Croup, Frost bitten—and in fact for every purpose a Liniment may be required for—And to Farriers it is of vast importance, for Sweeny, Sprains, Swellings and Flesh Wounds, especially in cold weather it is unrivalled. Scores of certificates might be adduced, but those which attend each label around the medicine is thought sufficient, as a fair trial will always recommend it. We are gratified to be able to state to the public, that an agency has just been established with *Charles B. Leas,* Henry Troth & Co's Drug store, *No.* 231 *Market street, Philadelphia,* for the whole sale and retail of the above valuable medicine. We recommend the afflicted to call and give it a trial.

It is prepared and sold wholesale and retail by C. G. Hyman, the sole proprietor at his drug store, MILLSBURG, Centre county, Pa. and may be had retail in almost every village in the country aug 17—6m

DOMESTIC SILK AGENCY,

No. 2 north Fifth street next door to Hewson, Heiskel & Haskin's Counting House.

The subscriber has this day opened, at No. 2 north Fifth street, a Commission Agency for the purchase and sale of Mulberry Trees: also, Cocoons Raw Silk, Silkworm's Eggs, Reels, and other apparatus for the production, reeling and manufacture of Silk.

He pledges his utmost efforts to deserve the favors of his friends, and to give satisfaction. His references will be ample.

He has now on hand Silkworm's Eggs—white mammoth, yellow mammoth, sulphur, &c. of the last and present year's crop, in lots to suit purchasers.

Also, several lots of Morus Multicaulis Trees, viz. 20,000, 10,000 0000, 20,000, 20,000, 3000, 15,000, &c.—These lots of Trees will be offered on various terms; some for cash, others on a long credit, and some for part cash and part on time.

Also, Clarke on the Mulberry Tree and Silkworm.
aug 17—tf JOHN CLARKE.

MORUS MULTICAULIS

IN lots of one to fifty thousand, growing in the State of Virginia, by experienced hands, on the best soil, with a variety of silk-worm eggs, are offered for sale at the office of the Virginia Silk Agency, Maine street. Richmond, by

J. H. D LOWNES,
Agent for the Planters.

All communications must be post paid je 15—10mo*

MORUS MULTICAULIS.

JAMES JARRETT, Nurseryman, Wood, near Paterson, New Jersey, has for sale, 30 000 first rate trees of this year's growth. They are equal to his celebrated crop of the last season, which was pronounced by competent and impartial judges, to be the finest north of Virginia. Many of the trees exceed nine feet in height, with leaves 13½ by 15 inches. The Jersey City and Paterson train of cars will stop, if desired, at *Post Lane,* a short distance from the Nursery. au 31—3m

Twenty-five per cent. in cash will be received on any purchase of $1000 or upward, and the ballance may remain for a term of years, at legal interest, secured by bond and mortgage.

JACOB SENNEFF,

NO 148 North Second street, between Race and Vine street, Philadelphia, opposite the sign of the Camel—Manufacturer of Brass, Steel and Cane Reeds and Heddles, or harness of all kinds. He also keeps for sale all articles used by manufacturers, all of which he warrants to be of the best quality, and sold at reasonable prices, viz:—

Machine Cards of all descriptions, (both Sheet and Filleting) Shuttles, Comb Plate, Belt Picker and Lace Leather, Sheep and Calf Roller Skins, Press Paper, Pickers, Roller Cloths, Sattinet, Linsey and Kentucky Jean Warps, Heald Yarn, Linen and Cotton Carpet Chain, of all colors, Coverlet and Blue and White Cotton Yarn, &c. &c. oct 19—tf

A HINT TO TAILORS.

IT is a well known fact that a majority of the handsomest fitting coats which we now meet with on promenades and at parties of pleasure, owe their graceful proportions to the improvements brought about by Ward's scientific principles of Garment Cutting. Those Tailors who subscribe to the improvements in cutting, published by A. & A. F. Ward, Basford & Co. seem to possess a striking advantage over some, whose prejudice or avarice deprive them of the advantages of that work.
nov 2—tf A CUSTOMER.

EYE SIGHT RESTORED.
FROM AN OHIO PAPER.

MR. PRINTER—There is a man residing in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, who puts forth a new plan of restoring eye sight.

By taking his advice people will find themselves so easily getting well; so easily getting cured; that they'll almost be at a loss to tell how.

They'll also be at a loss to know how their afflictions were overcome, and they restored to health and happiness again.

Why, friend reader, the regaining of health and of such blessings to those who had the misfortune to lose them, can never be paid with gold and silver and worldly things.

Indeed, the recovery of such blessings is invaluable; and when people get their eye sight again, let them offer up prayer to God, and not to man. For, it is to *Him* that praise is due, and not to the physician.

The farmer giveth seed to the earth, but a kind Providence giveth harvest.

So, on similar principles, the physician giveth remedy to the sick, but that same kind Providence giveth health. *Let us be thankful.*

A letter below will make known to applicants the nature of help, and that for a fee of five dollars to sent by mail free of postage. And if any additional help—any additional remedial help—should be wanted, 'twill be sent on without any further charge.

The fee is merely considered a recompense for the doctor's time and mental labor.

More he does not want.

And that which people get in return will be of more value to them than hundreds of such dollar fees; and as a corroboration of the above, we annex a letter from G. W. Ells to Dr. Green.

Dear Friend—Some three years since I made application to you to restore my hearing and eye sight, and at the same time for a friend of mine, Mr. Norton, (carp.) who was afflicted with a great degree of deafness. I mention these circumstances to bring the matter fresh to your mind. We received your remedy, followed the prescriptions, and were soon restored to the use of our ears and eyes; our general health, also, improved in the mean time, by the excellent advice you gave us on the subject of health and long life.

A young man applied to me a few days since for information—he is afflicted with weak eyes—medical men here, in our parts of the world, tell him that the *optic nerve* is weak. I immediately referred him to you as the only man within the circle of my acquaintance who could give relief in such cases; and he not conveniently able to write, I concluded to write myself, and at the same time enclose the customary five dollar fee, and request that which is necessary will quickly be sent on.

Be kind enough to send me one of your pamphlets on the subject of health, temperance, and long life.

Yours, in friendship,
G. W. ELLS, P. M.

Granville, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1838.
To Dr Green, Bethlehem Pa. sep 7—3meow

COUNTING HOUSE BLACK SAND,

PREPARED BY W. J. SIMON, at the United States Sand Office, No. 181 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia.

N. B. Orders from a distance, post paid, are promptly attended to.

☞ Let this article be put out of the reach of Rats, and the boxes will keep good for years.

Due attention has always been observed to wash it from its natural brackish quality, by the application of fresh waters, otherwise, in damp or wet weather it would not answer the use for which it is intended.

Sea Sand will assist to retain the color of ink.
oct 26—3m

Infirmary for the Treatment of Scrofula
And Diseases of the Skin.

P O. 55 North Sixth street above Arch, Philadelphia.
PHYSICIAN O H PARTRIDGE M. D.

References—J. C. Warren, M. D. Professor of Anatomy, &c. Boston, Mass.
W. Parker, M. D. Professor of Anatomy, &c. Cincinnati, Ohio.

PHILADELPHIA.

H Bond, M. D. B S. Janny, M. D.
J. Clapp, M. D. H. Chase, M. D.
R. Coates, M. D. S S Fitch, M. D.

Office hours 9 o'clock, A. M. 1 o'clock, P. M. and 7 in the evening.

. Persons from a distance wishing medical advice by writing correct descriptions of their cases, and enclosing a fee—letters post paid—shall receive prompt attention by advice and prescription. oct 26—6m

TRUE POMADE DIVINE.

THE great usefulness of this most excellent remedy is now so well known to all who have applied it, that no encomium is necessary. One trial will prove its efficacy.

It is used in all CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS quickly removing PIMPLES and by steady perseverance the most obstinate and long fixed complaints have been eradicated when all other means have failed. Instances of the most singular cures could be adduced.

It cures CHAPPED HANDS and LIPS, BURNS, and SCALDS, BRUISES, STRAINS, and all sorts of SWELLINGS from falls or otherwise; STIFF NECK, SWELLING OF THE GLANDS, and will greatly relieve RHEUMATIC and GOUTY PAINS, fixed in any part. It is an excellent dressing for a BLISTER, removes the CHAFING OF INFANTS, and is invaluable for SORE BREASTS, particularly in lying in, its unfailing efficacy in this very trying case should be universally known. It is useful for a CANCER, before it is broken, for a GANGRENE, melting a little into the wound, for PAINS IN THE STOMACH, well rubbed in before the fire, for the PILES, and will prevent a FISTULA. If a little be well rubbed in for a few minutes on a BRUISE or FELON it will prevent blackness. Is of great benefit to those afflicted with CORNS and is invaluable for FROSTED FEET. It will prevent any inconvenience from the effect of cold weather, and will keep the HANDS and FACE perfectly SMOOTH, SOFT and PLEASANT. The delicacy of its fragrance renders it most agreeable. It is prepared with great care from BALSAMS and SPICES, and warranted not to contain a particle of any injurious ingredient; it will retain its virtues many years, in all climates, and is therefore useful to travellers.

In glasses, with full directions, price 25 and 50 cents, by R FENNER, 13 SOUTH THIRD St. Philadelphia, and in every city in the United States.

☞ None are Genuine without his signature on the label. A liberal allowance to Agents. oct 19—6m

☞ REMOVAL. ☜

DR. WM. EVANS has removed the office for the sale of his CHAMOMILE PILLS and SOOTHING SYRUP to

3 NO. 3 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET. 3
Near corner Market. oct 26—tf

NO. 3 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET.
(Near corner Market.)
OFFICE REMOVED
for the sale of
DR. WM. EVANS'S
CHAMOMILE PILLS
to
3 NO. 3 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET. 3
DR. WM. EVANS'S ONLY OFFICE
IN
PHILADELPHIA. oct 26—tf

SLEEPER & BROTHERS,
(Sleeper & Brother have associated with them their brothers, ISRAEL SLEEPER & EDWIN SLEEPER.)
No. 116 *Market Street, Philadelphia.*
EXTENSIVE
MANUFACTURERS
OF SILK, GINGHAM AND COTTON
UMBRELLAS,
PLAIN AND FANCY PARASOLS,

Comprising every variety of style and embellishment, which they continue to manufacture as well and as low as any house in this market, not excepting the *self styled* "CHEAPEST," or any other.

Patent Folding Umbrellas, especially for travelling.
jan 19—tf

LEATHER STORE.

THE subscriber having this day taken his nephew, Wm. W. Hendry, into partnership, the business will be conducted hereafter under the firm of *Chambers & Hendry,* at the old stand 67 Chesnut street, where will be kept constantly on hand, a general assortment of *Finished Leather,* consisting of Calf, Morocco, lining, binding, Sheep, Bag and Bark skins, Bag, Lining, japan and Chaise Hides, Harness, Bridle, Skirting Band, Upper, Book-binders and Sole Leather.

ANDREW R. CHAMBERS.
Philadelphia, January 1st 1839. jan 5 '39—1y

RAND'S WRITING ACADEMY,
No. 106 *South Ninth Street.*

THE classes are arranged at various hours, from 7 in the morning till 9 in the evening.

For sale, as above, wholesale and retail—
The American Penman;
Rand's Introduction, in eight parts;
Do. System, with instructions;
Do. do. abridged;
Do. Piece Book;
Do. Alphabetical Copies;
Do. Ornamental do.

Orders from any part of the United States will receive prompt attention. my 26—tf

CLEVELAND'S
Patent Syphon or Self Supplying Pen.

THIS very desirable article so long needed is now offered for sale to the writing public, who are invited to call and examine its merits. It is so constructed as to contain ink sufficient to write eight or ten pages without replenishing, and can be made of capacity sufficient to contain double that quantity. It is portable and will save the traveller the trouble of other writing apparatus. The pens attached to the fountains are of gold tipped with substances in durability little if any inferior to the diamond; it may be used also with a steel or quill pen. The fountains when filled have a free and equal flow of ink until exhausted.

This article may be had at the American Silk Agency, 95 Walnut street, up stairs, or of Hamden Hooker, corner Fifth and Chesnut streets. aug 17—tf

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK
MANUFACTORY,
South-West corner of Fifth and Cherry Streets.

THE subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufacturing prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order.
nov 1 '34—tf R. & W. WILSON.

WORMS, WORMS, WORMS.

TO remove these troublesome and dangerous inhabitants of the Stomach and Bowels, which so often impair the health and destroy the lives of children, use Dr. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, a certain and safe preparation for the removal of the various kinds of Worms, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Want of Appetite, Infantile Fever and Ague, and debility of the Stomach and Bowels and organs of digestion. To be had at No. 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia. ap 20—tf

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

A NUMBER of valuable BUILDING LOTS in the handsome and improving town of NEW BRIGHTON, situated on the Falls of Beaver River, in Beaver County, Pa. The immense water power, the coal, iron, &c in the immediate neighborhood, will necessarily soon make this place a great manufacturing mart—while the communication by Canal between Lake Erie and the Ohio River, which will certainly be completed the ensuing winter, will make it a considerable place of commercial business immediately.

Building lots may now be obtained very cheap, which will not probably be the case after the present year.

Also for sale TWO FARMS situated near the Beaver River, about sixteen miles above New Brighton—one of them contains 140 acres, and will be sold at eighteen dollars per acre—the other contains 200 acres, and is offered at twelve dollars per acre. Abundance of coal, lime-stone, &c. are found on the premises. Apply to B. B. Chamberlin, Esq. in New Brighton Beaver City, Pa or to S. C. Atkinson, office of the Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia. jy 6—tf

PLAIN & ORNAMENTAL IRON RAILING

THE subscriber has removed his Manufactory of Wrought Iron Railing, &c. to the N. W. corner of Cherry and Juniper streets, where he continues to manufacture all kinds of Wrought Iron Railing and Smith Work generally, of the best workmanship, and most reasonable prices. Reference can be given to the Railing now surrounding the Forum at Franklin Square, and to many of the first private dwellings in the city.

P. P. MISCHE,
N. W. corner of Cherry and Juniper streets.

N. B.—P. P. M. has recently erected large and convenient premises at the above named place, and by the help of the Steam Engine is enabled to execute orders of any magnitude, from any part of the United States at the shortest possible notice. sep 14—3m*

MORUS MULTICAULIS.

THE subscribers, in connection with their present business, offer their services to the growers of Morus Multicaulis Mulberry Trees, as agents for the purchase and sale of them. Persons wishing to purchase, or sell will please communicate with the subscribers, post paid, and all orders shall be punctually attended to. Will also attend to receiving and forwarding the trees, together with other articles appertaining to the Silk business.

For sale, a few thousand Morus Multicaulis Trees, part of which were raised in this city, and are now from six to nine feet high. Terms cash.

H G. STREET & SON.
Charleston, South Carolina.
August 28, 1839. sep 7—eowf

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscribers invite all persons wanting a fine farm, to call at their office, where will be shown them a draft and description of what they consider the most productive and best improved Farm in the best neighborhood, and having the most conveniences of any other in the vicinity of Philadelphia.

Said Farm contains about 86 acres, situate in Byberry Township, Philadelphia county, on the public road from Philadelphia to Attleboro', about twelve miles from the former, and six from the latter. The out door are large, and substantial fences in complete repair, and altogether is worthy the attention either of the merchant or mechanic, who wishes a retirement from his labors, or of the farmer who expects still to labor, and looks to the exuberance of his crops as a compensation.

TOWNSEND & FOTT'S Conveyancers.
N. E. corner 7th and Spring Garden streets, Phila.
nov 2—4t*

LINDEN AND OTHER TREES.

WM. PRINCE & SON, at Flushing, near New York, have about 11,000 superior Linden Trees, of large size, and at moderate prices. Also, the Silver Leafed Abele, Elms of various kinds, Chinese Ailanthus, Horse Chesnut, and all the other usual kinds of ornamental Trees and Shrubs, of large size. Fruit trees of all the various classes, Green House Plants, Bulbous Flower roots, Dahlias, &c. A great stock of the choicest Mulberry Trees, and also Garden and Agricultural Seeds. Two hundred bushels of the monstrous Rohan Potatoe.

Orders per mail with most attention, and a liberal discount allowed for prompt payments. nov 2—4t

JUST PUBLISHED.
Pocket Aesculapius, or every one his own Physician.

BEING practical observations on diseases of the Generative System; with a concise Anatomical Review of the organs, and a Physiological account of their functions together with remarks on the more probable cause of local and general debility with many interesting observations and remarks occurring in a most extensive practice. To which is added,

A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin, by William Young, M. D. Member of the Philadelphia Medical Society, &c. &c published by the Author, and sold at No. 82 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, and Booksellers generally.

"This little important Treatise is replete with practical and scientific information; we can conscientiously recommend its serious perusal to those who suffer from the maladies on which it treats. Such a work as Doctor Young's has long been a desideratum with a numerous class of patients, to whom its easy and popular style will not fail to recommend itself, and we venture to predict that this very judicious and well timed Surgical Essay will, ere long, become a manual in the hands of the afflicted."—*Reporter.*

A comprehensive exposition of the nature and treatment of all diseases of the generative system, whether the result of contagion, hereditary causes, or the wear and tear of human life, from the simplest urethral disturbance to the severe state of local debility and irritation whereby the invalid may conduct his case, without the knowledge of his most intimate friend.

MARRIAGE.
ALSO BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

ON MARRIAGE.—Its intent, obligations, and Physical and constitutional disqualifications. Medically considered, with an Exposition of the Structure and purposes of the Reproductive System; the hereditary transmission of qualities, and the accidents and infirmities incident to YOUTH, MATURITY AND OLD AGE.

The subjects are illustrated by a variety of highly interesting cases and diagrams.

☞ Persons at a distance can have either of these publications, sent to any part of the United States, Canada, or West Indies, &c. by inclosing a one dollar note on any solvent bank, or eight copies for five dollars, addressed to Dr. WM. YOUNG, Philadelphia. au 31—1y